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A New Foreign Policy

Daniel Patrick Moynihan

THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 9, 1980 Price One Dollar

SPY STORIES

Unleashing the CIA • Establishment Traitors

Morton Halperin *Peter Stansky*

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TRB

from Washington
February 9, 1980

Waiting for Teddy

We are sitting here at Georgetown University waiting for the speech that will make or break Teddy Kennedy. The technician taps the microphone and says, "One, Two, Three." Teleprompter plates bracket the lectern—he will read from those. Every seat is full; undergraduates mostly, with Kennedy staff and a clerical collar or two. The decor is rich, mellow, and ecclesiastical (it's the oldest Catholic college in America) with the subdued brown of leather-bound books. The horseshoe gallery sprouts TV tripods like derricks in a Texas oil field. He is five minutes late. Tension rises. My thoughts go back.

Last August a poll gave Carter only 20 percent for doing a "good or excellent" job. Did he have "strong leadership qualities"? Only 27 percent thought so. But 76 percent thought Kennedy had. It would persuade anybody to run for the presidency against an incumbent like that. The Gallup poll supported Teddy's decision: in mid-October he topped Carter two to one. A sure thing.

But then came scowling Ayatollah Khomeini and Americans had somebody to hate. Carter's support jumped. Just as the excitement seemed to flag came Afghanistan and the Russian invasion. People remembered Chappaquiddick, hailed Carter. In the Iowa primary Carter beat Kennedy 59 percent to 31 percent. An extraordinary reversal! Meanwhile the president saw "the most serious threat since World War II," called for more arms, raised the American guarantee of protection over "the Persian Gulf region . . . even to include military force." Yes, excited congressmen cheered him even as he proposed draft registration.

Carter in short has tapped a deep current of apprehension and patriotism. Politicians rise to it and prepare to "run against Russia." For this Kennedy is not prepared. He has not articulated any rationale in these conditions that can justify trying to unseat an incumbent of his own party.

He faces disaster. Can he stem the tide with a new speech? And where is he? We still wait for him. My mind goes back further into the past.

It is 30 years ago. The late Father Edmund Walsh, regent of the school of foreign service of Georgetown University, and two friends, meet with a genial young Catholic senator who appeals to them for an issue. Home papers attack him; he faces defeat. It is the Colony Restaurant in Washinton. They want to encourage him to attack serious matters. Why not champion the St. Lawrence Seaway? says one. How about the Townsend Plan? says another. No broad appeal, says the senator. Why not denounce communism? says Father Walsh—its corrupting power, its capacity for subversion? The senator toys with it, seizes upon it. (Within a few months all three will repudiate him.) And so. . . .

Thirty years ago, on February 9, 1950, in the Colonnade Room of the McClure Hotel at Wheeling, West Virginia, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy ("Tail-gunner Joe") tells the Ohio County Women's Republican Club that he has "here in my hand" a list of 205 people "that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who, nevertheless, are still working and shaping the policy of the State Department." He looks at them speculatively. He gives a kind of snicker. His blue-black jowls have menace. He has no such list; no such names. He is testing out on them, on this Lincoln's Birthday weekend, a powerful new drug that will intoxicate, exhilarate, and degrade the nation for the next five years. Anticommunism, now and then, is a powerful medicine. It can be used in responsible hands or by demagogues. . . .

There is a roar at the entrance and there he is, Teddy Kennedy, the man we have been waiting for. He puts on a great show and I am glad to have seen it. His speech has been crafted by many hands, is delivered flawlessly. It is a frontal attack on Carter, much of it unfair, some of it demagogic, but with one telling point, I think: the nation deserves a debate on these grave issues that have been raised. We cannot let anticommunism sweep reason aside in a wave of emotion. Crises with Russia have been recurrent "for a third of a century" (that goes back to McCarthyism); "we must not overreact."

Kennedy asks if this is really "the gravest threat to peace since World War II." Surely it is a major crisis, but not one to preclude discussion as we did at first during the Vietnam War. Kennedy taunts Carter (and the GOP will grab his thrusts no doubt), but they seem alike on many points: arms should be strengthened but conversation on arms control with Moscow should not be dropped if possible (that is what Carter is saying about SALT II). Kennedy warns against "a reflex decision to spend many billions more on defense systems that have no relevance."

It is a make-or-break speech of a desperate campaigner, delivered with resonance and power. Recently Majority Leader Byrd told the Senate drily, "One of the things Jimmy Carter is not—he is not an orator." It is too bad. Eloquence is an art form needed to lead and govern a nation in parlous times; Carter will need it in the days ahead.

Kennedy's own time is short now in this race. The Maine Caucus comes immediately, the New Hampshire primary on February 26. If he can't win in New England, he is out. But he can still be an effective senator. In his speech, he recklessly asks mandatory controls of wages, profits, prices, whatnot. He asks for gasoline rationing (which some economists think would be more sensible than Carter's decontrol, compensated for by a windfall profits tax). Kennedy's style is confident: just a few days ago elderly congressmen applauded the idea of registration for the draft but now Kennedy says he is against the draft, and the crowd explodes in wild cheering. What a generational contrast! He says Exxon has announced the first four-billion-dollar profit in history. Shall we allow such profits, he demands, while "we send another generation of the young to die for the failure of the old in foreign policy?"

Subversive, maybe? The time may return for restrictions on thoughts like this. Somebody looking like Joe McCarthy was in the crowd as I left. He was grinning at me.

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Correspondence

Roots of the religion of success

To the editors:

Geoffrey Barraclough ("Culture and Civilization," *TNR*, December 22, 1979) singles out New England as the place where the "secular religion of success . . . later took root." Later indeed, for it had already taken root in Lyons, Antwerp, London, the English Midlands, Lancashire, and many other places.

We can make no greater mistake about the settlers, either at Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay, than to imagine that they arrived panting to set up communities dedicated to acquisitive individualism. On the contrary, they moved to put down the manifestations of free enterprise as soon as they appeared. At Plymouth Isaac Allerton was, according to the *Dictionary of American Biography*, probably the third most important man in the colony. When the London backers of the settlement threatened to cut off their support, it was Allerton who was sent to London to negotiate a new agreement. He was successful, but on his return he was censured for bringing back with him a stock of goods which he sold for his own account.

In Boston the respected merchant Robert Keayne got in trouble with both the General Court and the elders of the First Church for "taking 6 pence in the shilling profit and in some above 8 pence, and in small things above two for one." By 1633, only three years after settlement, wages and personal expenditure were being regulated by law.

At Plymouth there was "assigned to every family a parcel of land according to the proportion of their number." There is no evidence that richer families had any advantage in the allocation of lots.

An ancestry for "the secular religion of success" in this country must be sought elsewhere than at Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay.

C. D. Norling
Richfield, Minnesota

Stay out of my backyard

To the editors:

To continue the editors' jejeune analogy ("Recess Is Over," *TNR*, January 26, 1980), "and if you [the Soviets] don't take your toys out of my backyard, I'll get the gang and we'll beat you up." Is this somehow a more mature response?

Most of the editors' suggestions are hackneyed repeats of previous bankrupt foreign policies: secretly meddle in another country's internal crises in the hope of results that benefit us, railroad our opinions through whenever allies disagree, hint at weaponry to use against the truly recalcitrant, etc. Have the editors not sensed the international skepticism about the way America recently played its self-selected leading role as savior of the free world? Remember how we were going to save Southeast Asia? Remember what happened, and how many allies rushed to help?

Before we decide once again that what is good for America is good for the world, we might consider whether other countries have agreed to play supporting parts; after all, even a messiah needs some followers.

Susan Moss
Columbus, Ohio

Soviet intentions

To the editors:

At the very bottom of national security policy is our evaluation of Russia's objectives and the price we believe she will pay to achieve them. For liberals (*The New Republic*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *New York Times*), Soviet-sponsored Cuban activities in Africa (and Afghanistan, of course) are viewed as strong evidence of a continued Russian willingness to take great risks to expand the communist orbit, thereby justifying continued or even expanded astronomical military expenditures. (Somehow, China suddenly has ceased to be a world threat.)

But this is not the only, or even most plausible interpretation of the Soviet/Cuban interventions in Ethiopia and Angola. (Afghanistan raises very different issues.) First, we must accept the fact that the Russian and Cuban leaders sincerely believe in the superiority of societies organized on Marxist-Leninist lines. Certainly, they also believe that it is to their advantage to expand Marxism-Leninism. Therefore, Russia and Cuba always will take advantage of opportunities where a limited military action seems necessary and sufficient to gain or maintain power for Marxist governments. Indeed, failure to provide such help would be viewed as a sure sign of the insincerity of their devotion to Marxism.

But willingness to use limited military force in relatively inchoate political situations with little chance for actual combat does not necessarily mean that the Soviet Union is ready to use any military force against countries with strong non-communist governments. (Pre-invasion Afghanistan had a Marxist, pro-Soviet government). Indeed, it is no more logical to conclude that the presence of Cuban troops in Angola and Ethiopia provides evidence of a willingness to shed much blood to conquer West Germany or France as it would be to conclude that our willingness to use far more military force in Southeast Asia indicates a willingness to pay a yet higher price for liberating Poland.

Robert L. Bard
The University of Connecticut School of Law
West Hartford, Connecticut

The profession of arms

To the editors:

I am not entirely sure of Paul Fussell's intent in writing "On Soldiering" (*TNR*, January 19, 1979), but about all it achieved was to prove once again that anti-militarism is the anti-Semitism of the American intellectual class. Its analogy of German SS actions to those of our army in Vietnam, indeed with any nation's military operations anywhere, was reprehensible. Such poisonous, simplistic, and unsubstantial blather would not withstand the scrutiny of documentation and is unworthy of the standards of responsible journalism.

Gerald H. Early
Lieutenant Colonel, US Army
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Paul Fussell is one of the most interesting writers to appear in your pages. However, Mr. Fussell goes too far when he compares the German General Stroop with the American General Patton. I served as an infantry soldier for General Patton. We suffered for our country and, perhaps more important, risked our immortal souls by killing. I would not defend this by flip references to "this profession of arms" or comments about "the end justifies the means." Nor will I defend those whose political blundering created the situations of armed combat by fragile men. But I do object to Mr. Fussell equating what we did with a Nazi sweep of Warsaw.

(continued on page 40)

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 9, 1980

The King's Playthings

The Carter administration has notified Congress that it wants to sell another $120 million worth of advanced arms to Saudi Arabia. That's not a colossal sum, given what the Saudis have bought before or what we're planning to sell them in the future. The current transaction would provide the Riyadh government with 660 Sidewinder air-to-air missiles, 916 Maverick air-to-ground missiles, 3435 "tank killer" lazer-guided bombs, and 1518 cluster bombs, the latter deftly designed to maximize the loss of human life above and beyond the destruction of any particular military targets. It would be unfair, say State Department hands, not to sell this sophisticated hardware to the Saudis since this stuff is standard equipment for the jet fighters they've already bought. The next deal, presumably, will be to outfit the 60 even more advanced F-15s that we sold Saudi Arabia in 1978.

The weapons will soon be on their way. We'll worry later about what they might be used for. That, it seems, is how we always do it. The Wahabi dynasty is not unlike the neighboring Pahlavi one, of recent memory. The analogy is not exact; but it is close enough, one would think, for discomfort, at least for the ruling family and its friends. The Saudi monarchy already faces intensified domestic troubles based on traditional tribal rivalries, competition among the princes of the blood, and the destablizing presence of Palestinians and other Arab aliens. The post-historic war machine the king has bought with his petrodollars cannot add to his regime's security against these perils. Indeed, by building up a bloated (albeit useless) military machine, he probably has created yet another source of alienation and discontent.

What the king really needs, a British intelligence source argues, is several thousand Israeli-made Uzi machine guns, like the ones our own Secret Service employs. But it's hard to see how the Maverick missile can protect the monarchy from internal dissidents.

The Saudi military is a classic case of uneven development. Here you have an armed force, receiving weapons on the frontiers of the science of killing, which, as the *Wall Street Journal* reported, "was badly cut up late last year in the battles that ousted a group of dissidents from the Grand Mosque in Mecca." Maybe, we are assured, what they can't use against a few hundred fanatics who believe that the Messiah has come would be effective against the threatening Russians. A Soviet offensive is indeed plausible, but a successful Saudi defense is not. The Saudis also have enemies among their Moslem brethren: Iraq in the northeast, People's Yemen to the south, even millennialist Iran across the Gulf. But the Saudi regime's weakness in the face of such enemies is at least as much structural as it is a shortage of hardware. American hardware does not solve intrinsic problems of a society; it doesn't even persuade the recipients of our commitment to their independence. Last year we shipped nearly $400 million worth of super-weapons to "moderate" North Yemen to help defend it against communist South Yemen. Now both Yemens are doing Soviet service.

The most likely target of the planes and missiles on the way to Saudi Arabia is Israel. Even if the Saudis themselves wouldn't fight in another Middle Eastern war, they certainly couldn't withhold these weapons from other Arabs doing battle with Israel. That's why the Carter administration had such a rough time overcoming congressional objections to the last big sale. Carter contended then that the jet fighters were both a reward for previous Saudi moderation in the Middle East and encouragement for more of the same. Here is what Secretary Vance said in 1978 in testifying

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for the sale: "Saudi Arabia strongly supports a negotiated settlement in the Middle East. It plays a vital role in promoting a moderate Arab consensus on the difficult questions of Middle East peace. It is a major stablizing force in international financial matters and in decisions affecting the pricing and supply of oil."

Events have proven Vance completely wrong. The Saudi Arabian government has been the linchpin of the Arab rejection front. It has not only maintained its unrelenting hostility to Israel; it has been central to the isolation of Egypt in the Islamic world. The Saudis are still thought to be moderate on energy pricing. But an oil moderate is one who raises his prices six weeks after an oil radical. Even while this new missile sale was under consideration, Saudi Arabia upped the price of a barrel of oil two dollars to $26, scarcely months after its previous increase of 33 percent. Saudi willingness to restrict production is what makes possible the "radical" increases that the "moderates" then follow at a discrete interval.

The Carter administration's policy of arming the Saudi Arabian government with the last word in death is bankrupt. We cannot even get the Saudis to agree to let us act meaningfully where our interests coincide with their own: in defense of the oil fields. What we should say to King Khalid, or whoever is the decisive prince, is that military assistance from the US to Saudi Arabia requires a significant US military presence in Saudi Arabia. That way we'd have some guarantees that the weapons we have provided would not be used against our ally, Israel. Without our controlling presence at the arsenal, some mad upheaval in the Arab world might even result in those planes and missiles being turned on Egypt. Beyond this, anyone who had designs on the oil fields would know that such designs were designs on us.

The Carter administration hasn't even asked for such protection. It hasn't even taken up the sultan of Oman's invitation to provide a Western presence which might alone begin to shift the anti-American tide in the region. President Carter seems to be succeeding politically on the momentum of his failures. Congress, its sensitive collective finger to the wind, is swept along with everyone else. Jimmy Carter can flatter and arm King Khalid as he did the shah. But he won't do what's necessary to secure our interests.

Double Vision

Alcoholic Study Supports Finding That Some Can Resume Drinking

—*The New York Times*, January 24

Earlier Study on Alcoholics Refuted; Most Can't Learn to Drink Moderately

—*The Washington Post*, January 24

White House Watch

In Prayer

In a speech to the National Religious Broadcasters Association on January 21, President Jimmy ("born again") Carter said: "Since I have been in Washington I have come to learn much more clearly what Paul meant when he said that we should pray without ceasing. I do pray a lot every day, as I move from one event to another, as I wait for a new foreign leader or a national leader to come to my office, as I decide issues that might affect the life of one person or a small community or perhaps sometimes even the entire world, and I do not always make the right decision, because I do not always follow God's will." On January 25, two days after he'd told Congress and the world in his State of the Union speech that the US would defend its "vital interests" in "the Persian Gulf region" by "use of any means necessary, including military force," the President in a talk with visiting mayors mentioned the seizure of the US embassy and most of its employees in Tehran last November 4 and said: "America has been brought to its knees by this incident, not in submission, but in prayer." He continued:

"And I have been impressed with the difference between our country and the Soviet Union. Just to think that 220 million Americans, blessed in every possible way, have become almost completely obsessed with concern and hope about just 50 people; it shows that our commitment to human rights is not just a theory, and that we haven't lost the basic elements that make us proud of this country in which we live. And not too far from Iran there is a little country named Afghanistan, proud and independent; they haven't been subjugated completely in 2000 years; deeply religious. And they are being ground under an enormous military power, with loss of life, executions, powerful Soviet troops fighting against the soldiers of Afghanistan, trying to stamp out freedom. It shows a vivid difference between our two countries."

These remarks, the first of them from a prepared speech and the second from a transcribed effusion, seem to this reconstructed and, in Carter's terms, "lost" Mississippi Baptist to explain in some part why the recent turns in his expressions of foreign policy and his proposals to implement the policy are being questioned

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as seriously and widely as they are. What, to begin with, is or was "God's will" in the small and momentous matters alluded to? One gathers that Carter knew and knows, even when he didn't "follow God's will." He's never said what it was and is. God's will is manifest only to the recipient. There God always is, defenseless and available for blame, usually unspoken, if the decision proves wrong. People who commune with God in the way Carter says he does are never wrong in their own hearts and minds.

On a more earthy level, it was silly of the President to equate American concern about the Tehran hostages with "our commitment to human rights." Americans were outraged because 50 Americans had been seized and were being abused, physically and psychologically, by a mob of young Iranians. Human rights in Carter's meaning has nothing to do with it. When he says it does, he displays an overweening need to justify his emphasis upon human rights as a factor in the conduct of foreign policy. In the sense that the US wouldn't overrun a smaller neighboring country in the way the Soviet Union has overrun Afghanistan, with no better pretext than the Soviet Union has claimed, a difference between the US and the Soviet Union is indeed shown. So what? The President and other Americans including Senator Kennedy are disturbed because the Afghanistan invasion puts the Soviet Union, as Carter rightly said in his State of the Union speech, in "a strategic position that poses a grave threat to the free movement of Middle East oil" from the nearby Persian Gulf. We're sorry for the Afghans, sure. Mostly and correctly, though, we're sorry for ourselves and worried about the spot the Russians may be putting us in with their move to Afghanistan and, we'd be foolish not to assume, toward the oil countries on and near the Persian Gulf.

Senator Kennedy having been mentioned, his speech attacking what he called "the Carter doctrine" and trying to revive his candidacy for the presidency may as well be disposed of here, for the purposes of this piece. In this reporter's judgment the speech was loaded with cheap shots, distortions of fact and the record, enough in themselves to disqualify Senator Kennedy for president. After implying without quite saying that "the Carter doctrine" and its definition of "the area of the Persian Gulf as an American vital interest" are dangerously mistaken, Kennedy summarized and approved the essence of that "doctrine" in this passage of his speech: "American naval and air forces should be strengthened in the area. We must recognize, however, that such forces alone cannot secure control of a great land mass. But an enlarged presence, including carefully selected military facilities, could have a deterrent effect on the calculations of the Kremlin. And, with our allies, we should increase military aid to nations that may have to face the Soviet threat. . . . We must also provide economic assistance and political aid."

Now back to our praying President and the trouble that casual talk can get him into. He's known to regret the way he recently said two things connected with foreign affairs. The first was his assurance to families of the Tehran hostages that he'd never do anything that could endanger them, a statement understood to mean that he'd never use military force to free them. Carter spokesmen immediately corrected him with the language that he used in his State of the Union speech: "*if possible*, to avoid bloodshed" in the course of freeing the hostages. The other boner occurred in a TV interview broadcast on December 31, soon after the Soviets began taking over Afghanistan. Carter told ABC's Frank Reynolds: "My opinion of the Russians has changed more drastically in the last week than even the previous two and one-half years before that. . . . What we will do about it, I cannot say. But, to repeat myself, the action of the Soviets has made a more dramatic change in my opinion of what the Soviets' ultimate goals are than anything they've done during the previous time that I've been in office."

It soon was said for the President that he'd never been all that ignorant and naive. A review of his main foreign policy statements since 1975 and during his presidency shows that he hadn't been. Always, even at the peak of his hope in 1977 that the Soviet leadership could be persuaded that they'd profit more from accommodation than from confrontation, Carter reflected an awareness—sometimes more muted than is good for him now—that the hope might not be realized and that the US and the world could be in mortal danger from Soviet aggression. Journalists who took the President's TV statement literally wondered and asked how his national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, could have left him with all that much to learn from the aggression against Afghanistan. In a couple of newspaper and TV interviews, Brzezinski mumbled in effect that it was all a meaningless misunderstanding. A White House character who under the rules of "background" sessions can be identified only as an "administration official" undertook on January 21 to explain Brzezinski's (and Carter's) approach over the past three years to the Soviet Union. Quoting with minor obfuscations:

> There are essentially three broad concepts of relations with the Soviets. One is a condominium type of deal with the Soviets designed to preserve the status quo. That won't work because the world is too dynamic. Another view is that we should engage in a global partnership with the Soviet Union to deal with the world's problems as partners. The view here has been that the Soviet Union is strong enough to be our rival and yet too weak to be our genuine partner and hence will be always tempted to exploit turbulence and therefore it is not yet ready to be a global partner in a wide-ranging accommodation. The third view is to cooperate with the Soviet Union as much as possible, in arms control particularly, but compete assertively when challenged, and in the meantime address ourselves on our own or with those prepared to work with us to the other global issues, try to solve the Middle

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KNOWING HO
TAKES MORE
GOOD

Most of us have perfectly good ears.

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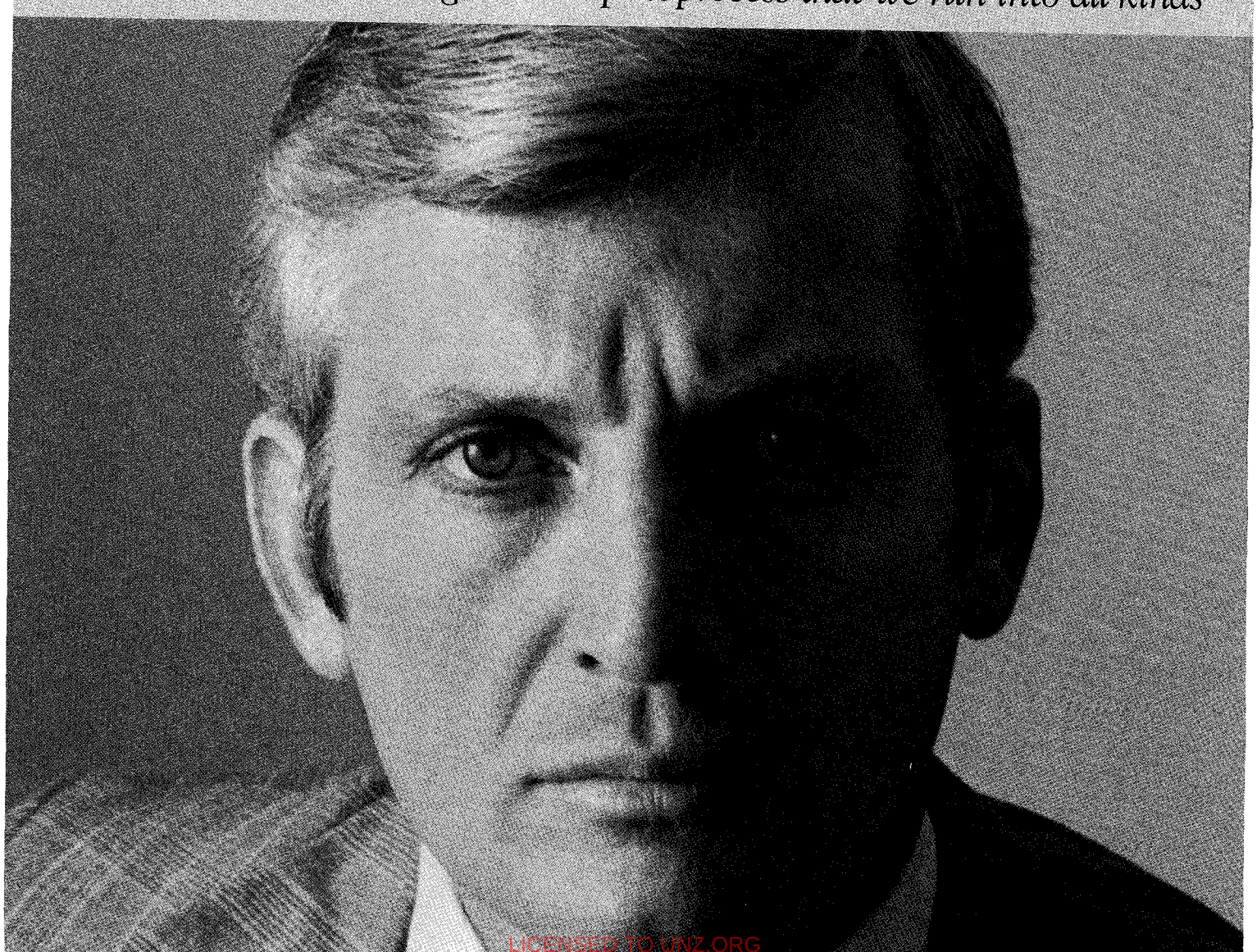

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W TO LISTEN THAN TWO EARS.

of trouble. For example:

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Eastern problem but not with the Soviets, try to deal with the African problems, but not with the Soviets, try to deal with the development problems, in other words, move forward on the global agenda as much as we can with those who are prepared to work with us. The events of the last few weeks don't change that view, because the events of the last few weeks don't make the Soviet Union any more a partner in a global accommodation nor a partner in a global condominium. Nor do they make the Soviet Union more cooperative in dealing with global problems. Therefore we have to respond to the Soviet challenge and yet deal with the other problems as best we can.

John Osborne

Politics

Kennedy, Take Two

In the little town of Boone, Iowa, last month, Senator Edward Kennedy was asked one of the crucial questions of the 1980 campaign. The question was put by Mrs. Virginia Turk, a minister's wife: "What do you think Soviet intentions are in the [Indian] subcontinent and in the Middle East?" Kennedy replied: "I don't know what the intention of the Soviet Union is, but what we have to do is to take a policy, irrespective of their intentions, that they will respect." He said the key elements were a strengthening of US military capabilities in the region and closer relations with China "in a limited way." He concluded: "I do not think today that American policy should depend on what we think the Soviets *may* do. We should take actions based on what the Soviets do." Kennedy's answer satisfied Mrs. Turk, and she voted for Kennedy in the Iowa primary. But this answer is not really satisfactory. Kennedy's "major policy address" last Monday was an opportunity to provide a well thought out analysis of what Kennedy thinks the Soviets are up to in the world, and what America's response should be. But it contained nothing of the kind. Rather, the speech's foreign policy section was a hodgepodge of bashes at President Carter—some apt, others merely cheap. It did not demonstrate that Edward Kennedy can give us what he correctly claims Jimmy Carter has not: clear, consistent leadership.

President Carter's foreign policy has been characterized most of all by an absence of strategy, of overriding goals and integrated plans to reach them. The president has bounced from the innocence of Notre Dame (no "inordinate fear of communism" here) to the impotence of Annapolis (let the *Soviets* choose between cooperation and confrontation) to hysteria over Afghanistan ("the most serious threat to peace since World War II"). With his advisers in conflict about Soviet intentions, and with the president himself apparently confused, the administration has been forced constantly to react to Soviet actions. And this is exactly what Kennedy prescribed in his response to Mrs. Turk in Iowa. Kennedy aides promise that another major policy speech is coming which will address the issue of US-Soviet relations. But for the moment, we are still left to wonder what this would-be president thinks about what is still the most critical question of foreign policy.

Now let us turn from what Kennedy didn't say at Georgetown University to what he did say and do. This speech was intended to revive the Kennedy candidacy, to give it a logic, to answer the question still hanging from Kennedy's disastrous interview last fall on CBS: "Why do you want to be president?" We do not know how the speech played with voters; but on another political level, it was a smashing success. It delineated the differences between Kennedy and Carter, especially on domestic policy. Kennedy reemerged as the fighting liberal, the advocate of tax reform and national health care, the champion of the handicapped, minorities, the aged, and the poor. In the real world, it's doubtful that Kennedy, even as president, would be able to fulfill all the goals for which he spoke, let alone all at once. To batter Carter for increasing the federal deficit, as Kennedy did, and also to promise large new domestic programs, strikes me as disingenuous. To advocate deregulation of industry as a spur to productivity, and also to call for "mandatory controls, as long as necessary, across the board—not only on wages and prices, but also on profits, dividends, interest rates and rent" is inconsistent. But at least Kennedy really gave Democrats a clear choice again—between a Democrat who has chosen to govern as a Republican, and a Democrat who demands restoration of traditional Democratic social priorities. Carter's economic policies, as Kennedy charged, have failed. The question Democrats will have to decide is whether Kennedy's will work any better.

One of Kennedy's proposals is clearly sound. That is gasoline rationing. Carter's failure to take this step is a damning commentary on his leadership, a declaration of political cowardice. Rationing by tax and rebate is preferable to rationing by coupons, as Kennedy proposed, but either is preferable to doing nothing. In his State of the Union message and in other speeches, President Carter has said that Americans must sacrifice in order to restore the economy and conserve energy. But his actual program—an oil import quota for 1980 that permits more imports than in 1979—is a sham. Continued controls on domestic oil prices, such as Kennedy advocates, will inevitably discourage conservation and development of new energy sources too. I think America needs both oil price deregulation—with a windfall profits tax and rebates to the poor—and rationing.

Effective reduction of US energy consumption has a foreign policy purpose beyond the obvious one of making the US less subject to OPEC oil producers. Since the US now derives just 10 percent of its oil from

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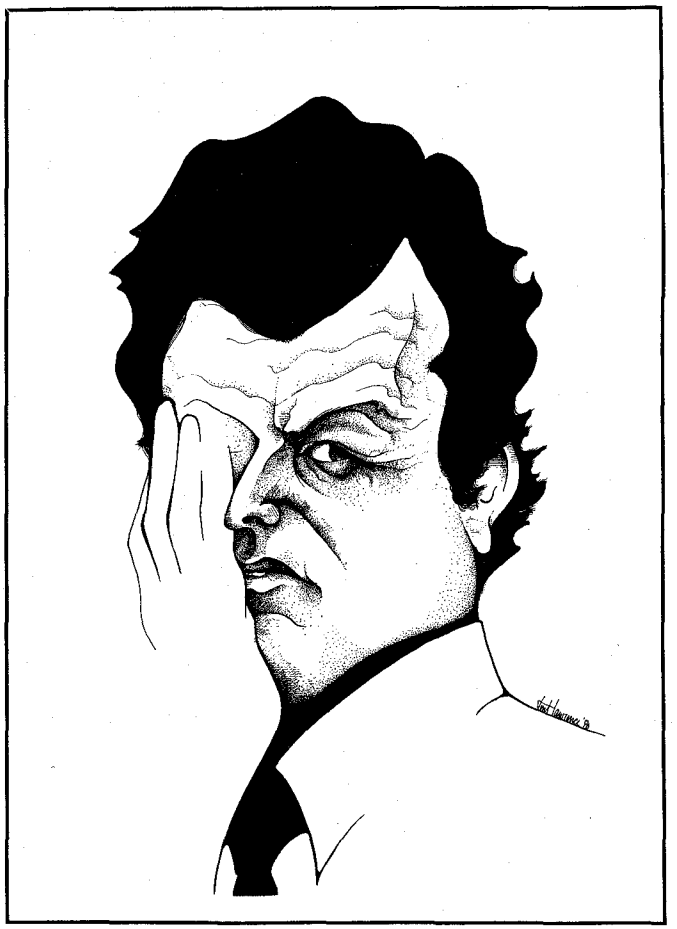
the Persian Gulf, while Europe and Japan get most of theirs from the region, a US energy program that allows us to forgo Arab supplies will put pressure on our allies to share in defense of the Gulf, which they are now leaving to the US. The Carter administration is attempting to use diplomacy and taunting leaks to the press to induce our allies to assist us. Kennedy rightly perceives that if we do not need Arab oil to operate our economy, our willingness to defend the Arabs will be an act of world political leadership, and not one of desperation. But it is simply demagogic for Kennedy to say, as he did at Georgetown, that "I am sure every American would prefer to sacrifice a little gasoline rather than shed American blood to defend OPEC pipelines in the Middle East." Even if we had total oil independence, we still would have an obligation, as leaders of an alliance, to prevent Soviet domination of the rest of the world's major oil source. Only by letting the Soviets know that we *are* willing to shed blood, if necessary, can we deter them from pushing aggression to the point where we will have to shed blood indeed.

Kennedy is quite right—and deserves the nation's thanks for saying it—that the Afghanistan crisis is *not* really the gravest threat to peace since World War II. The various Berlin crises, the Cuban missile crisis, Korea, and Vietnam obviously were graver.

But Kennedy's treatment of Afghanistan had misrepresentations of its own. Afghanistan, Kennedy said, "passed behind the Iron Curtain, not in 1980, but in 1978, with hardly a word of regret from the Carter administration." The administration, Kennedy said, had "ignored the warning signals" of an imminent Soviet invasion and "said virtually nothing" until after it. In fact, Kennedy charged, President Carter "might have invited the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan" by asserting last fall that the presence of Soviet troops in Cuba was "unacceptable"—and then proceeding to accept them.

Carter did indeed panic in the "Cuban soldier crisis," but there is no evidence that this led the Soviets to invade Afghanistan. In his speech, Kennedy ritually condemned the "brutal Soviet invasion of Afghanistan"—and then proceeded to explain it away in terms of Soviet interests: "Years ago, Afghanistan passed under Soviet influence. . . . When two Marxist regimes in Kabul failed to put down Afghan resistance, the Russians decided to install a third regime and to put down the insurgency themselves. Afghanistan, as they saw it, was slipping away." So, here we have Kennedy saying that the Soviet invasion is unacceptable—and then accepting it. It is not a lot different from what Carter did about Cuba.

Kennedy wants to have it both ways—blast Carter from the right, then jump to the left and accuse him of overreaction. He says, in effect: "This terrible thing is all Carter's fault, but, really, Carter is making it out to be more terrible than it is." Where is Ted Kennedy, anyway? Was he among those warning of an imminent Soviet invasion of Afghanistan? Answer: no. Would he have done more to get the Soviets out of Cuba? Probable answer: no, he would have declared the status quo acceptable in the first place. If Edward Kennedy were president, I suspect, the Soviets would be in Afghanistan just as they are now, and for exactly the same reason: they saw an opportunity to advance their global interests, calculated that the American president would do nothing about it, and moved.



drawing of Kennedy by Vint Lawrence

Now what should the president do? Kennedy, who is not president, says he would remain calm. He would not, apparently, put forward a "doctrine" defining the Persian Gulf as a vital American interest worth defending. "This is a real crisis," he says, "but it is also part of the recurrent condition that has periodically disturbed the peace for a third of a century. It must be countered, but it must not become so consuming that we lose sight of more vital interests." Such as Yugoslavia, he said, and at Georgetown he took a slapshot at Carter's 1976 campaign statement that the US would not go to war to defend that country. Would Kennedy go to war to defend Yugoslavia, but not to defend the source of most of the free world's oil supplies? What are his priorities? He did not explain.

Kennedy called for "a measured response to the potential threat in the Persian Gulf," and condemned the Carter administration for resorting to "empty symbols." Stripped of the so-called symbols, however, Kennedy's actions in the region would be little different from Carter's. He would try to enlist cooperation from our NATO allies and moderates in the Islamic orbit in

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defending the area. He would promote anti-Soviet condemnations in the UN and from individual states of the third world. He would strengthen US naval and air power in the Indian Ocean, "carefully" establish US "facilities," and give increased military aid to countries in the region, including Pakistan. He would offer "economic and political assistance" to nations threatened by internal subversion. In return for defense, he would try to make oil-producing states agree to guarantee supplies and prices of petroleum. It's a good agenda; in fact it's approximately President Carter's agenda. Maybe Kennedy could do it better, but there is no guarantee. What the nations of the Persian Gulf region have doubted most is American commitment—the willingness to go to their defense—and our power to back it up. Historically, Kennedy has been opposed to US military commitment in the Gulf region. His disparagement of the Carter doctrine suggests that he still is.

And his disparagement of Carter's "symbols" suggests that Kennedy is unwilling to resort to measures that might involve domestic political pain. Kennedy is against an embargo of grain to the Soviet Union, a boycott of the Moscow Olympics, and institution of draft registration. The first two are indeed symbols—though not only symbols. They are justified actions in view of Soviet aggression, even if they make Iowa farmers unhappy or irritate US athletes and television sports fans.

Draft registration is a symbol, too, but it is no empty one. It is a method of saying to a doubting world: the United States takes Soviet aggression seriously, and is willing to prepare to meet it by force, if necessary. It is a measured step. It is not a mobilization. It is not even an actual draft. But if armed conflict ever is necessary, it should be fought by Americans representing all social and economic groups, not just people who are driven by their poverty to "volunteer." In 1970 and 1971, this very logic led Edward Kennedy to oppose creation of the all-volunteer army. In 1980, it seems, currying favor with the country's college students is more important.

But what kind of tactician is Kennedy when he opposes all economic sanctions against Iran? "They will only propel Iran toward the Soviet Union," Kennedy charged. "They will do nothing to bring the hostages home." With more than a touch of demagoguery, Kennedy said: "Eighty-six days [of captivity] is enough. It is time to bring the hostages home." His proposal: US support for a UN commission to investigate Iranian grievances, to commence its work when the hostages are released. There is nothing wrong with the idea of a UN commission, but there is no guarantee that such a step would lead to the hostages' release at all. Waving bunches of carrots and no sticks at the Ayatollah Khomeini will be interpreted in Qom as a sign of US weakness. Why shouldn't it lead Khomeini to demand more carrots still—say, part of the shah's treasure, or US pressure on Panama to ship the shah back to Iran? Kennedy said no one should ever suspect the United States will yield to blackmail, but that is what he is courting. He said no one should ever doubt that America is ready to negotiate its way out of the hostage crisis. Economic sanctions can be delayed during talks, but the president should have them in reserve—as a stick—to improve chances that negotiations will succeed.

Kennedy alleged that spending more on defense is also an empty symbol. This is wrong. For more than a decade, the United States continuously reduced its defense outlays, believing that our restraint would be matched by the Soviet Union. Edward Kennedy was a leader in cutting Pentagon expenditures. The result is that the United States is behind the Soviet Union, or falling behind, in nearly every measure of deterrence—strategic nuclear, tactical nuclear, and conventional. To get arms to Israel in 1973, we had to strip NATO. We would have to do it again in the event of another Mideast conflict, and then we would have nothing left with which to deter Soviet aggression in, say, Yugoslavia. With what would we defend Thailand if the Vietnamese invaded to scatter the hapless Cambodian refugees? We do not have enough ships, planes, or tanks to defend our interests, and we must build them. Suddenly Kennedy has become aware of the need for *some* defense increases. He is in favor of three percent more for the Pentagon, but not five percent. He claims that the US needs more for "conventional weaponry" and "readiness." But what confidence can one have that Kennedy really thought about defense needs and isn't just taking the currently fashionable pose that allows liberals to be "for defense" and still anti-Pentagon? There may be merit to the case that US defense systems employ too much high technology for the real battlefield and are too expensive per unit. There is merit to the argument that the US needs more small ships and more simple planes and more ordinary tanks than the Pentagon and defense contractors are choosing. But it would take several years to reshape defense procurement machinery to give us better systems. It will take even more years to get the new systems into production and on line. Meanwhile, the United States needs more weaponry, and we are going to be stuck with what the Pentagon proposes. We do not have to build all of it. Congress does not have to give a panicky *carte blanche* to the generals, but before we take defense advice from Edward Kennedy, he is going to have to do more thinking about the subject. If we don't have enough to defend ourselves now, he is one of those responsible.

For much of his 17-year Senate career, Edward Kennedy has shared the belief that Soviet leaders were more or less like us, that they shared our distaste for conflict, that they desperately wanted to improve the domestic lot of their people, that tension in the world was as much our fault as theirs. All of this is simply not so. The Soviet Union is an imperialistic, militaristic

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power, which has used detente as a screen behind which to advance its interests by stealth, subversion, and proxy aggression. Now it is emboldened to push its own troops into an area bordering on vital American interests. Kennedy is right that we should not abandon hopes for nuclear arms control. SALT involves the survival of mankind, which is of mutual interest to us and the Soviets. But even our ability to reach a SALT agreement depends on American willingness to build weapons systems that can be used in trade. The Soviets simply do not bargain with countries they deem weaker. They just take. And the principle applies on the non-nuclear level as well: if we want the Soviets to be restrained, we will have to show them that unrestrained behavior will involve unacceptable penalties.

Edward Kennedy has shown us he has a social vision, a set of economic alternatives that are worthy of the Democratic party. He has called for a strong new energy policy and he has shown us a hint that he can devise a global strategy. But until he answers Mrs. Turk's question, until he shows he understands the Soviet threat and has measures to meet it, he has not demonstrated he is prepared to lead America in the 1980s. Unfortunately neither has Jimmy Carter.

Morton Kondracke

Oil and water.

Poets and Presidents

President Carter got his administration off to a good start by including the poet James Dickey in his inaugural program. But from that point on his relationship with poets has gone downhill, to a low point on January 3, when 75 poets were invited to the White House for a "celebration" of poetry.

The January 3 assembly must be faulted on at least three grounds. First, the invitation came not from the president but from the first lady, suggesting that poetry, like tea, is for ladies. Second, the explanation the Carter people gave for the event was that, while the White House had been a showcase for the performing arts, little attention had been focused on poetry. Poets do not consider poetry as performed, or the presentation of it as a performing art. Third, the January invitation fell far short of making up for the fact that no poets had been invited to the week-long Camp David meetings of last summer, meetings which were represented as including all categories of thinkers, and went so far as to include television commentators.

The insensitivity of the Carter White House cannot be blamed wholly on the occupants. Indifference to poets by political leaders, with few exceptions, has been a mark of American history. Poets are not persecuted in the United States as they are in some other countries. They are not imprisoned for their poetry, although occasionally one is imprisoned for participating in a protest march. They are not tortured or silenced.

They suffer what is, for poets, a worse fate: they are ignored. Only a few mass-circulation publications in the United States include poetry with any consistency or regularity: the *New Yorker*, *Commonweal*, *The New Republic*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*. Major publishing houses put out poetry books reluctantly, almost as a public service. Most poetry is published in small circulation literary magazines, or in collections paid for by the poets themselves.

It is generally held in the United States that poetry and politics do not mix. References to poet-politicians are usually meant to be derisive, despite the fact that Abraham Lincoln, considered by so many to have been our greatest president, had great respect for poetry. Lincoln even wrote several poems, which were published in southern Illinois papers, 10 to 15 years before he became president.

Suspicion of poets by politicians and political thinkers is sustained by the Puritan strain in American culture, and also by Methodism and other related religious groups that carried their opposition to graven images over to a suspicion of metaphor. But suspicion of poets has more remote beginnings. It goes back at least to Plato, who held that poets were not good political counselors. "Hymns to god and praise of famous men are the only poetry which ought to be admitted into our state," he declared. Poets of Ireland were singled out by the order of Queen Elizabeth that "rhymers and geneaologists" should be suppressed, and George III is reported to have said that "poets and painters" were the greatest enemies of the state.

Earlier poets, especially the Irish poets, did not accept rejection passively. They asserted, and exercised, special powers over kings, and also over nature if it was not benign. The master poet of Ireland in the seventh century, Seanchan (pronounced Shanahan) Torpest, one day on finding that rats had eaten his dinner, spoke these words:

> Rats have sharp snouts,
> Yet they are poor fighters.

These words alone, according to Robert Graves, killed 10 rats on the spot. The same Seanchan conducted one of the first hunger strikes of history against King Giare because the king had sent the poet down from his high table.

"I yielded to the outcry of my courtiers," said the King in his defense:

> Bishops, Soldiers, and Makers of the Law
> Who long had thought it against their dignity
> For a mere man of words to sit amongst them.

But the king ultimately gave in and invited the poet back to dinner.

Nine hundred years later, Edmund Spenser wrote of the Irish poets of his time: "None dare displease them

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for feare to runne into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouthes of men." And William Butler Yeats, continuing the tradition into the 20th century, wrote in a poem against his enemies:

> But weigh this song with the great and their pride;
> I made it out of a mouthful of air
> Their children's children shall say that they lied.

Among recent presidents, John Kennedy was most attentive to poets. He invited Robert Frost to write a poem and to read it during the inauguration ceremonies. In speeches during his campaign and during his years in office, President Kennedy quoted poets such as Frost, T.S. Eliot, and Shakespeare. The poets honored him in their works both before and after his death. The poet Robert Bly wrote a poem attributing these words to President Kennedy:

> I want to be a stream of water falling—
> Water falling from high in the mountains, water
> That dissolves everything,
> And is never drunk, falling from ledge to ledge
> from glass to glass. . . .

Presidents Johnson and Nixon did not heed the poets or show them respect. The poets responded in the best tradition of the Irish bards. The same Bly who had written in praise of John Kennedy described President Johnson in a short poem as "a shovel without a handle" and wrote another poem entitled "Johnson's Cabinet Watched by Ants." The poem includes this stanza:

> Ants are gathered around an old tree
> In a choir they sing, in harsh and gravelly voices
> Old Etruscan songs on tyranny
> Toads nearby clap their small hands, and join
> The fiery songs, their five long toes trembling
> in the soaked earth.

A much less political poet, Richard Wilbur, wrote bitterly of President Johnson "A Miltonic Sonnet for Mr. Johnson, on his Refusal of Peter Hurd's Official Portrait":

> Rightly you say the picture is too large
> Which Peter Hurd by your appointment drew
> And justly call the Capitol too bright
> Which signifies our people in your charge.
> Wait, Sir, and see how time will render you
> Who talk of vision but are weak of sight.

President Nixon, needless to say, was not spared by the poets. One of them, Henry Taylor, wrote of Nixon in a poem called "Speech":

> I crouch over my radio
> to tune in the President
> thinking how lucky I am
> not to own a television.

Another poet, Jay Meek, in a poem called "Massacre of the Villagers," describes President Nixon in these words:

> Gray-jawed, barricaded in the White House,
> the President has been watching television,
> an avid fan, tuned to the whack of players
> deployed in random patterns on the grid:
> he takes the stance of a gentleman pugilist.
> "Socko," "Socko," he says. He is schooled
> in calculating the appropriate response,
> and suddenly there comes from his mouth:
> "Gentlemen, let me say that. . . . " He stops.
> He has been watching himself too long.
> His eyes click and roll like fruits
> in the windows of a gambling machine.

Clemenceau observed that a country could not be run by poets and philosophers, but added that men in power who ignored the words of poets and philosophers were doomed to failure. It is late for President Carter, but he may have time to save himself as did King Giare, responding to the protest of Seanchan Torpest.

Eugene McCarthy

Eugene McCarthy's book about federal election laws, *The Ultimate Tyranny*, will be published in April by Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch.

There are fine words, then there's the bottom line.

Secrets of the Budget

President Carter's fiscal 1981 federal budget is more interesting for what is under the table than for what is on the table. Judging from what is on the table, the differences between the administration's 1981 budget requests and the amounts necessary to maintain 1980 service levels are minimal. Except for a $5.4 billion increase in defense spending, no other outlay rises by more than a billion dollars. Similarly, except for a $1.7 billion cut in military pay, no item is slated to be cut by more than a billion dollars. The administration is proposing outlay reductions in various categories adding up to $9.7 billion, and outlay increases in other categories adding up to $13.5 billion. This compares with total outlays of $615.8 billion. Less than two percent of the budget is slated to be increased or decreased.

Despite the headlines and the self-proclamations of the Carter people, it is difficult to argue that this is a guns rather than butter budget. Military outlays are to rise 12 percent in fiscal 1981, but they rose by just about the same amount in 1980—11 percent. The administration promises a $90 billion increase in defense spending by 1985, but the number sounds large only because it is five years in the future. Fiscal 1982 is scheduled for a 13 percent rise but 1983 is back down to a 12 percent increase. No one would ever know that there is a military crisis underway and that the country needs to

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HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that about half of all automobile occupant fatalities last year might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior. Belts prevent this.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, research has proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life. And please remember children can be severely injured in automobile accidents, too. Make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

Because so many people still don't use their seat belts, the government has directed that some form of passive restraint—one that doesn't require any action by the occupant—be built into every car by the 1984 model year. GM is offering one such restraint—a new type of automatic belt—as an option on the 1980 Chevette to gain insight into its public acceptance.

By the 1982 model year, we must begin putting passive restraints in all full-size cars and, eventually, into the entire fleet. But until you purchase one of these cars of the future, you can protect yourself and others by using seat belts and urging your family and friends to follow your example.

At GM, we're very concerned about safety. So please fasten your seat belt, because even the best driver in the world can't predict what another driver will do.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

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increase its military strength substantially from simply looking at the numbers in this budget. It shows no sharp speed-up in military spending.

It is not difficult to determine why our alleged national commitment to spend more on arms does not appear in the budget. If the administration were to propose really large increases in defense spending, hard choices immediately would have to be faced and these could disrupt the campaign of a candidate who is now ahead in the polls. Massive increases in defense spending would require the president to ask for a large tax increase, to propose large cuts in social spending, or to admit that his current economic policies are wrong. Instead of advocating a restrictive budget to fight inflation, as he has been doing, Carter would have to argue for an expansionary budget and more defense spending to fight recession. Any of these possibilities would make someone mad. The nation is in a tax-cutting mood; any call for a large tax increase would not be met with instant political approval. Even now many senators and congressmen are calling for more defense expenditures, yet no one is calling for the large tax increases to pay for them. From this perspective, the country seems destined to repeat the economic mistakes of Vietnam. Large increases in military spending are voted, but no one, least of all the president, is willing to stand up for the tax increases that need to go along with them.

But reducing social spending would be equally risky. Carter cannot afford to alienate the part of the Democratic party that supports social spending. He has to carry them with him and encourage them to go to the polls in any battle against a middle-of-the-road Republican. And if very large sums are needed, there are only two social programs big enough to provide the necessary revenue. One is Social Security; the other is grants-in-aid to state and local governments. To propose cuts in Social Security is to alienate the elderly; and to cut grants-in-aid is to alienate both local elected officials and local taxpayers.

The third option, a dramatic shift in economic strategy, would lay the administration open to the charge of inconsistency and political expediency. Critics would charge that the domestic economy is in a mess because the administration cannot make up its mind about what it wants to do and hold this position long enough to achieve the desired results. Carter also would have to persuade the Federal Reserve Board to change its strategy for the economy so that his easier fiscal policies wouldn't collide with their credit crunch.

A military crisis is not evident in the budget that the president has placed before the nation, and neither is the domestic economic crisis. Inflation, as measured by the GNP deflator, is expected to continue at its current rate of about nine percent for the foreseeable future. Unemployment is expected to rise to 7.5 percent by the fourth quarter of 1980 and then continue at this rate for the foreseeable future. But there are no new proposals to cure either problem. Perhaps it would be slightly unfair to call the current budget a "do nothing" budget, but it certainly would be fair to call it a "do little" budget. But this only applies to what is officially on the table, not to what is under the table.

The American budgetary process is peculiar. It begins and ends with spasms of public attention, with almost total indifference in between. Public attention focuses on the president's proposals, and then fades as the real budget is being constructed. The president, Congress, and events will modify the budget so much both before and during the fiscal year that begins next October that what goes into place often has little to do with what was first proposed. Two years later, there will be another brief spasm of interest as actual spending and the ultimate surplus or deficit for the fiscal year gone by are announced.

Whenever difficult choices have to be made, this process gives every president an incentive to have an under-the-table as well as an on-the-table budget. The difficult choices will be faced in the under-the-table budget. While that budget cannot be prepared in secret, it is much less noticed. Even more important, the hard decisions can be postponed for many months until an election or other inconvenience is safely past.

What will President Carter's under-the-table budget look like? Most probably it will include a large increase in military spending. The headlines are right, even though they refer to a budget other than the one actually presented. As the year progresses, the president will ask for more and more money for defense. No matter how much he proposes, Congress will want to add something of its own to show that Congress is on its defensive toes. Events are more apt to be under the control of the Russians than of the Americans; but events, or the Russians, are apt to be adding something of their own to the American defense budget.

As a result, the under-the-table budget will have to deal with those same three hard choices Carter avoided by leaving real defense increases out of his on-the-table budget. But the president has every reason to believe that these nasty choices will not have to be faced before November 1980. If he loses the election, someone else will inherit the problem; and if he wins, he can face the problem without the complication of having to please all the voters.

Since the Carter administration seems perfectly willing to contemplate rising unemployment during an election year, it presumably will be more than willing to tolerate those rates once safely reelected. Whatever it says, the administration has implicitly chosen 7.5 percent jobless as its new definition of full employment. That is what it means to forecast that level of unemployment and propose no actions to counteract it.

The budget states that if a recession actually arrives and unemployment climbs to intolerable levels, the administration will stimulate the economy at that time.

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But the administration knows that it is too late to prevent a recession after unemployment has started to rise. Rising unemployment lags well behind a falling GNP, and it takes many months for new economic policies to alter the course of the GNP. If you want to prevent unemployment by fiscal stimulus, you do so based on *forecasts* of what you expect to happen. To wait for unemployment to rise is to wait much too long.

If you believe the on-the-table budget, the Carter administration is planning very restrictive fiscal policies. This would continue the pattern of past years. The accusations of various Republican candidates that huge government deficits are causing inflation are flatly wrong. There have been no huge government deficits. In the national income accounts budget (the budget used for doing economic analysis) for calendar year 1979, the federal government ran a deficit of $13 billion. But state and local governments ran a *surplus* of $24 billion, meaning that the government sector as a whole spent $11 billion *less* than it took in. (And the apparent sinner here, the federal government, gave $79 billion to state and local governments last year—far more than its own deficit or the state and local surplus.)

The Carter people have renamed another measure of fiscal policy, which used to be called the "full employment" surplus or deficit, the "high employment" surplus or deficit. Presumably this was to avoid admitting that the government's idea of the best achievable unemployment rate now stands at 5.1 percent. The "high employment" budget figure measures what the surplus or deficit would be if all the same programs were in place but unemployment was at this desirable "low" figure, thus raising tax revenues and reducing expenses for unemployment compensation and welfare. The "high employment surplus" is scheduled to rise from four billion dollars in fiscal 1980 to $57 billion in fiscal 1981.

Projected surpluses by these two measures are completely inconsistent with the administration's forecast for the economy. If a surplus of this magnitude were to occur, the recession would not be the mild one the administration forecasts, but something much more severe. But more defense spending will offset this surplus, thus solving the problem. And meanwhile, the president can propose a budget that does not have to make hard choices or alienate anyone.

Will added defense spending make inflation worse? If you are a monetarist and believe that inflation is caused solely by the rate of growth of the money supply, the answer is no. If you believe, as I do, that inflation is driven by foreign oil prices that are beyond the reach of an American recession, the answer is no. Only if you believe, against all evidence, that the current inflation is caused by excessive aggregate demand—too much demand chasing too few goods—need you fear that more defense spending will make inflation worse.

But as I said, this budget does not include increased defense spending. List the big problems facing the American economy: not enough national defense, slow productivity growth, high unemployment, high inflation. The budget is supposed to be the place where solutions are proposed even though these require hard choices. Yet here is a budget that proposes no solutions and makes no hard choices.

Lester Thurow

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And a new policy ought to mean new people.

A New American Foreign Policy

by Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Has there been a change in this nation's foreign policy? I believe so, and I hope so, and I write to encourage President Carter in what he appears to have done. But the president's change is surely incomplete as yet, even uncertain. He speaks as if there has been a change. Will he act?

At the very least, this means bringing into his administration people who share the views he now propounds. For a decade and more, there has been a division within the Democratic party with respect to foreign policy. In a perverse way, this division only deepened in the first three years of a Democratic administration that was expected to heal it. It was, and is, an argument about the Vietnam war—not about the wisdom of that enterprise, which few any longer support, but about its aftermath.

Oversimplification is inevitable, but I would sketch

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the opposing views in these terms. On the one hand there were those who ascribed the disaster to an excess of American power. It was judged that this surfeit of power brought the tendency, or at least the temptation, to misapply it or to abuse it. It was judged that the too-great power of the United States had become a danger not only to others, but mostly to ourselves. This *had* to be the suppressed premise of a political agenda that, following a failure of arms, was dominated by an often fervid advocacy of reductions in arms, a further shrinking of American military forces and foreign commitments.

A clue to all this lay in the sometimes equally fervid *denial* that the agenda was pretty well in place. Through the 1970s arms expenditures declined to 4.5 percent of GNP, the lowest proportion since 1948. But this was hardly the general perception. A poll commissioned last winter by the Committee on the Present Danger found that more than half the respondents thought that arms expenditures consumed more than one-quarter of GNP. This was the climate of opinion in which Jimmy Carter as a candidate pledged to reduce defense spending by five billion to seven billion dollars a year.

Another view of the Vietnam aftermath, a minority view among Democratic party activists, was that the American failure in Vietnam would occasion new turmoil and instability in the world: and that, as a result, the foreign policy problems and strategic situation of the United States would become more, not less, difficult. I generally associated myself with this second school of thought. I hoped that the resolution of this argument could lead to a revitalization of American foreign policy.

Quite a sustained and vocal debate has been going on. President Carter's role in it began with his speech at the Notre Dame commencement in May 1977, properly described as his first major pronouncement in foreign affairs. This was the speech in which we were declared "free of that inordinate fear of communism which once led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in that fear." We had mistakenly fought fire with fire, Carter said, "never thinking that fire is better quenched with water." He called on the Soviets to join us in the great adventure of closing the economic gulf that separates North from South, putting East versus West behind us.

The tone, the formulations, the code words of the speech proclaimed the complete ascendency of the first school and rejection of the other. I responded to the president in a commencement address at Baruch College of the City of New York. I asked, as any of our view would have asked, what was the evidence that our relation with our great totalitarian adversary had changed, that the adversary had changed? Where, I asked in particular, was there any evidence that the Soviets actually would cooperate with us in the developing world? I continued:

> The President, in my view, is entirely correct in the fresh emphasis he has given to what we call North-South relations. But I wish to suggest that this must not be allowed to divert us from the reality of the military and ideological competition with the Soviet Union which continues and, if anything, escalates. . . . If we genuinely care about the developing world, then we must look to the behavior of the Soviet Union, for with respect to the non-Communist regions of the world, be they developed or underdeveloped, there is one Soviet policy: the worse the better. I speak from what is no longer a brief experience of international affairs. In nation after nation, at conference after conference, what the Soviets seek is failure, breakdown, bitterness, mistrust. They judge that they thrive on this, and history certainly does not disprove them. *Our* task is twofold. First, to see this ourselves. It is not necessarily a confidence building exercise, but it is indispensable. Second, to bring the developing nations to see it as well. This is never easy. It is at times excruciatingly painful, and ensures a good deal of near term obloquy. But it is the true measure of commitment.

But events had their way, and they led through Zaire, Ethiopia, Yemen, Cambodia, Afghanistan. In the end, President Carter in effect withdrew the SALT treaty and pronounced: "An assault will be repelled by any means necessary. . . ." In the end our view of events seemed confirmed. But what now?

Now is a moment of maximum peril. For it is entirely possible that those who have until now so deplored the extent of American power will now be tempted to wield a fantasized power which once so obsessed them. American power is enormous; the American will to use it is unshaken. But it is less than it has been, and less than it probably will be in the not too distant future. It will be both the irony and gravest reality of the time now ahead that the counsel of restraint in foreign affairs must come from those who have been depicted in the recent past as somehow the most bellicose.

At the risk of seeming contradiction—and we shall face worse risks than this—let me turn to the opposite of the temptation I have just described. Last month the secretary of defense proposed in Peking that China and the United States join in finding "complementary actions" to counter Russian expansion. The proposal evidently took the Chinese leaders by surprise, and so also, I believe, the American people. Certainly the terms in which the matter was raised surprised the journalists reporting the visit. One wrote that Dr. Brown's banquet toast was "so vehement he almost seemed to have taken his text from a New China News Agency denunciation of Moscow." Can it be that in yet other circles of government the perception of American weakness is so advanced that in response to the Soviet conquest of Afghanistan we turn for help to the people who conquered Tibet? If we so underestimate our power, we are more surely undone than if we overestimate it. For the power of the United States rests upon and derives as much from the ideas we represent as from the raw power we can deploy in support of those ideas. To abandon our standards while we build our defenses is to compound innocence with baseness.

For three generations now our standards, the

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standards of the democratic West, have been under more or less unremitting assault from totalitarianism. There have been peaks and valleys, slow times and crisis times. The assault has come sometimes from the totalitarian right; but in the first instance, and most often, and now exclusively, it has come from the totalitarian left. It may be we have grown used to this and no longer see it for the changed condition it represents. The high point of the influence of democratic ideals in the world came toward the end of Woodrow Wilson's presidency. Never before and never since has the expectation been so widespread that liberal democracy would become a near universal form of government. For totalitarianism appeared in Russia in a second revolution, following an earlier, democratic one, all in 1917. In one way or another we have been locked in ideological struggle ever since; and we will continue so. Recurrently there have been those who have hoped to see an end to this struggle, who have questioned whether its origin does not lie in the behavior (admittedly often squalid) of the democracies. And—the most dangerous temptation of all—there have been those who would distinguish among totalitarian regimes, preferring some to others, or positively siding with some against others.

Playing the China card, as it is termed, as if this were all one great game of chance, is the central instance of this temptation in our time. In response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, are we to align ourselves with the nation that invaded Tibet? In the course of our new arrangements with the most populous totalitarian state on earth, will we see India, the most populous democratic state on earth, align itself with the Soviets? What then is left of principle?

We are rushing arms to the dictator of Pakistan, and what has been his response? At the Islamic summit, in an address presumably occasioned by the appearance of Soviet armor in the Khyber Pass, he went out of his way to declare that the population of Kashmir, part of the Indian nation, along with the Palestinians, are "yearning for a restoration of their rights." There is a mindset in that part of the world no less than in ours. It would not seem the least unreasonable for a certain type of Pakistani general to take our weapons and turn them on Israel and India. Nor should we be the least surprised that when they do, they end up thoroughly whipped.

The invasion of Afghanistan has changed the objective strategic facts of that part of the world. The Russians have reached the North Indian plain at the Khyber (and the Central Iranian plateau at Herat). It is entirely conceivable that they will now move to destroy China's ally Pakistan—to play their India card, if you will, thus offsetting the American *démarche* in Peking. In this situation, we surely have gotten much the worse of the ideological bargain. We also may have gotten much the worse of the military bargain. The Indian military forces are superior in many ways to those of China, not least because India is a far more advanced scientific and technological society. But this is the sort of thing we expect more of if the administration does not recover from the shock of Christmas weekend.

There were two kinds of peace corpsmen in India when I was the United States ambassador there. I used to think of them as the Calvinists and the Jesuits. The question turned, as so many do in that region of the world, on drinking water. The rule of course was *never* to drink the water. But like most rules that rigid, sooner or later the flesh was weak and the day hot and temptation triumphed. Thereupon the Calvinists would quite collapse. Having found themselves capable of sin, they judged themselves doomed and commenced to sin with abandon. This almost invariably brought about the doom they considered predestined. The Jesuits, by contrast, sinned occasionally, noted—with satisfaction even—that no man is perfect, but did their best to avoid excessive degradation. This meant that most of them escaped harm, since it is not drinking the water *once* that brings ruin in Travancore. It is drinking it all the time, so that the odds against you are overwhelming.

I genuinely fear an administration that will turn out looking like the third act of "Rain," with no sense of principle left intact. The essential task of leadership is to expound American policy so that its connection with our principles is made clear, and its application in practical circumstances is made predictable. President Carter still has to do this.

The State of the Union address has been judged most noteworthy for its explicit statement that the United States will use military force to resist a Soviet takeover of the Persian Gulf area and its vast petroleum reserves. This has about it the atmosphere of crisis, the

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smell of impending conflict at best, war at worst. I do not quarrel with the president's statement, for I regard it as sound and necessary. And yet the proposition should have been self-evident. That the greatest energy source in the world, vital to us and to our democratic allies, should be declared a vital interest of the United States, worth defending by force if necessary, in *1980* says something about the past three years.

Perhaps the "Carter Doctrine" is a response to the new "Ponomarev Doctrine"—enunciated January 10 by Boris Ponomarev (who carried out for Stalin the bloody purges of foreign Communist parties in the 1930s: the staying power of these men is formidable). Ponomarev expanded upon the "Brezhnev Doctrine," once used to justify the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Whereas a decade ago Brezhnev asserted that the Sovets would use armed force to "protect" communist regimes already in power, Ponomarev's pronouncement is a measure of the growth in Soviet military power since then. The boundaries of "socialism's", concerns have now expanded to include the nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Ponomarev stated:

> Soviet people, of course, are not indifferent to the socio-political orientation by the various trends in the developing world. The devotees of scientific socialism have no intention of denying their spiritual closeness to the progressive forces in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Sympathy with fighters for true freedom is natural for Marxist-Leninists and internationalists. Where such forces exist and are struggling, they have the right to depend on our solidarity and support.

Ponomarev's is a large assertion, and the Soviets now devote something like 15 percent of their gross national product to producing the military power to back it up. One can answer a doctrine with an assertion of one's own. But that achieves a merely rhetorical parity. The question of a material parity remains.

For myself, I have no doubt whatever as to the determination of the president, nor of his commitment to the course he has outlined. But it is not for such as me to be convinced. Others must be convinced, others whose judgment as to the seriousness of the American stand will have decisive consequences for world peace. This brings us back to the question of public rhetoric and the response to it.

On March 17, 1978, the president spoke at Wake Forest College in North Carolina, giving an address generally noted for its firmness. He warned that with or without a SALT II agreement, the United States would match Soviet military power, strategic and conventional. The Soviet response is instructive. In May Yuri Orlov, a prominent Soviet human rights activist, was sentenced to seven years in prison.

In June 1978 President Carter addressed the graduating midshipmen at Annapolis. He warned the Soviets that they must choose between "cooperation and confrontation." Ten days later, the Soviet government accused the United States of stalling on SALT, escalating the arms race, and forming a military alliance with China. An American businessman was arrested. In July Anatoly Scharansky was sentenced to 18 years in prison and an American diplomat was attacked by a Soviet policeman outside the American embassy. In August the administration decided to approve the sale of sophisiticated petroleum recovery technology to the Soviets.

Christmas Eve 1978 the Vietnamese army, secured by a treaty with the Soviets and bristling with a generous supply of Soviet weapons, moved into Cambodia. That destitute country, ruined by a genocidal regime of its own, was subject to more misfortunes, including a policy whereby the Soviets and the Vietnamese consistently refused to allow the international community to come to the aid of millions of starving Cambodians. The international community expressed its horror, but did nothing, except to continue business as usual with the Soviet sponsors of that grotesque massacre.

The following Christmas Eve, the Soviet army entered Afghanistan. Earlier, in February, our ambassador, Adolph Dubs, was murdered with Soviet "advisers" on the scene.

A fair conclusion from this litany is that the Soviets have not been overly impressed by American pronouncements about what manner of behavior by them we will and will not find "acceptable." Given the response of the United States, there is little difference for them between the destruction of Cambodia and the imprisonment of Scharansky in one year, and the invasion of Afghanistan and the deportation of Sakharov during the next. Therefore there is nothing new or startling in the news of the last month, nothing to suggest that the invasion of Afghanistan marks some new departure in Soviet behavior. The record suggests that it is only more of the same. Yet if President Carter deems the most recent Soviet outrages as something new and different, it is not evident that the American response is yet different from what it has been for three years.

Soviet expansionism cannot be contained by repeated expressions of American disapproval. Our response must be concrete and tangible. It must somehow strike the Soviets as different in kind and quality from the kind of response that they have seen from us of late. They must be given to understand that our actions will begin to catch up to, then keep pace with, our words.

For example, the only way we can have any reason to suppose the Soviets will not move soon toward the oil fields of the Persian Gulf—a move their economy may make desperately desirable in a handful of years—is to make equally clear that we will stop them. The only way we can make this clear is to deploy the arms capable of doing so.

And not just in the Gulf. The Soviets are now engaged, directly or indirectly, in five distinct colonial

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wars: in Angola, in Ethiopia, in the Western Sahara, in Cambodia, and now in Afghanistan. There is a sense in which it is *we* who are now in the mountains; *they* down on the plain. They are everywhere being fought by native peoples; there is no reason they shouldn't bleed.

There is a cost the president must endure also if he is to be followed and to be believed in his new resolve. New policies must to some extent mean new people. The leaders of Europe and Asia and certainly those of the Soviet Union will be watching closely now to see whether the president's new pronouncements and actions are accompanied by changes in the administration itself to signal that the new positions arise not in response to the immediate necessity to do something, anything, in the face of overwhelmingly hostile acts, a response that could soon fade as other events come to the fore; or whether, to the contrary, people whose past judgments comport with the administration's new policies will appear in the ranks of the administration, with the clear implication that the new positions are to be sustained.

Forty years ago, it was necessary for the democracies to measure the meaning of the emergence of powerfully armed totalitarian states. Was the challenge to the world order that emerged after World War I partial or total? Could these states' ambitions be accommodated within that existing order, or were they of such a scale as to make any accommodation impossible? The questions were incorrectly answered, and the result was war. Inevitably, we must press the comparison between that time and this, with the hope that our response will be wiser—and more timely.

How can we unleash the agency when it hasn't yet been leashed?

The CIA's Distemper

by Morton H. Halperin

There is newfound sympathy for the Central Intelligence Agency on Capitol Hill these days, promising a receptive audience for President Carter's plea to remove "unwarranted" limits on the CIA's ability to collect intelligence. But there is no urgency because Congress has imposed no such limits. Four years after congressional investigators documented that the CIA and other intelligence agencies had seriously abused the rights of Americans, Congress has done nothing but create committees and charge them with considering legislation. Proposals for intelligence "charters" delimiting the powers of each agency have been pending ever since the scandals broke. Now the intelligence agencies and others have seized the opportunity of the current crisis to press for legislation weakening the democratic limits on intelligence behavior that already exist.

In the jockeying that preceded President Carter's State of the Union message, Vice President Mondale and Senator Walter Huddleston, chairman of the subcommittee on charters of the Senate Intelligence Committee, won the Carter administration's support for comprehensive charters intended to prevent new abuses while giving the intelligence community some of the authority and protection from scrutiny that it seeks. But Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has broken ranks among Democrats on the committee and has introduced a package of three amendments amounting to the intelligence community's wish list. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd has now endorsed the Moynihan proposals, which would weaken restrictions on covert operations, exempt the CIA almost completely from the Freedom of Information Act, and impose criminal penalties for releasing the names of intelligence agents. These changes have come to symbolize the campaign to "unleash" the CIA. But closer examination of each proposal shows that the problems of the intelligence community lie elsewhere, as do the cures.

Almost from the day he took office President Carter has complained about having to inform seven or eight committees of Congress if he decides to conduct a covert operation. Carter has pressed for confining congressional review to the two intelligence committees, and his aides have suggested in background briefings that this requirement has prevented covert operations that could have a critical effect on the Persian Gulf crisis.

The Hughes-Ryan Amendment, passed in 1974, is the cause of this fuss. It provides that before the CIA

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undertakes any operation not solely for the purpose of gathering information—that is, when it actually tries to meddle in events in other countries—the president must find that the activity is important to the security of the United States, and must notify the "appropriate" committees of the Congress, including the Foreign Relations and Foreign Affairs committees. Critics of this law point out that about 180 senators and representatives sit on the eight committees that have received these briefings at one time or another, and the committees employ about another 180 staff members. These figures are very misleading. One committee, the House Armed Services Committee, has dropped out and is no longer briefed. There is nothing to stop the counterpart committee in the Senate from doing the same thing. Both Appropriations committees also could inform the president that they no longer want the briefings. Indeed, since the intelligence committees have inherited the CIA oversight and budget functions, it would make sense for these committees to withdraw. All of this could be done without amending the law and with nary a complaint from critics of covert operations.

Since even the staunchest CIA unleashers agree that the intelligence committees should know what the agency is up to, the real controversy is about the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the House Foreign Affairs Committee. It's sensible for these committees to be informed about operations designed to influence events in foreign countries. Both committees have set up subcommittees to get intelligence briefings; they will not talk about precisely how this works, but it appears that in practice only a handful of members and one or two staff people actually learn about covert operations.

The record so far suggests that these few additional people—along with the dozens in the executive branch who get briefed—can be trusted with these secrets. Both the Carter and Ford administrations have engaged in covert operations since Hughes-Ryan went into effect. The committees have been briefed and no leaks have occurred. The Washington press corps has yet to report a single covert operation carried out under the Hughes-Ryan procedures. This is not proof that congressional oversight makes covert operations impossible. It is proof that oversight is possible without leaks. If there have been fewer covert operations in recent years, it might be because the Church Committee documented the difficulties they can cause, because neither the Ford nor the Carter White House has Nixon's taste for overthrowing democratic governments, because the CIA is now run by men less sympathetic to covert operations than Allen Dulles was, or because the forces of nationalism have made such operations much more difficult.

Critics of the Hughes-Ryan restrictions also complain about the need for a presidential finding of security importance before any operation can begin. This, we are told, often makes it impossible to go forward because the president is inaccessible or because the issue is not important enough to bother him. The first objection makes no sense; the president is always instantly available to his national security advisers. The second problem already has been overcome by stretching the Hughes-Ryan language in secret.

The Moynihan bill would permit the president to designate certain categories of covert operations as important to the security of the United States, and permit operations within those categories without specific presidential approval. What Senator Moynihan knows from the briefings he has received as a member of the Senate Intelligence Committee, but what neither he nor anyone else privy to those briefings has chosen to reveal publicly, is that Hughes-Ryan has been interpreted to permit just this procedure. Both President Ford and President Carter made general findings that covert operations for three purposes—apparently counterintelligence, international terror, and international narcotics—were important to the national security. Operations in these areas are conducted routinely without presidential approval or notice to the eight committees.

The real issue of covert operations is not how many committees must be informed, but rather when these operations should be permitted. The Church Committee, following the advice of Cyrus Vance and Clark Clifford, recommended that such operations are justified only in the most extraordinary circumstances, when the survival of the nation might be at stake. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski is known to believe that covert operations should be conducted routinely whenever they might advance American interests; Secretary Vance is said to have moved only slightly from the position he advocated before taking office. The Senate Intelligence Committee is pressing for a requirement that it be notified before covert operations begin, rather than afterward, as is now the case. CIA critics want to prevent a return to the days when the White House and the CIA routinely conducted covert operations whenever they wished to escape congressional or public scrutiny. Most critics gladly would reduce the reporting requirement to four or even two committees if the notice came in advance and if Congress legislated a strict standard for conducting such operations.

President Carter also has been eager to amend the Freedom of Information Act in the CIA's favor since the earliest days of his presidency. This proposal is not a product of the current crisis, but it is a red herring. Under the FOIA, as it was amended in 1974, the CIA is free to withhold documents or even to deny that they exist if to do otherwise would reveal information about CIA employees, jeopardize an intelligence source or method, or reveal properly classified information. If forced to defend a denial of information in court the CIA can present arguments to the judge in secret without the opposing lawyer or client present. This standard for release is so high, and federal judges are so

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willing to defer to the expertise of the CIA, that in hundreds of cases involving thousands of pages of information, only once has a federal judge ordered the CIA to release material that the agency, after its own deliberations, has refused to make public. Since that case is on appeal, not a single sentence has been made public without the consent of the CIA.

There have been enormous public benefits from including the CIA under the Freedom of Information Act. Because of the FOIA, the public has learned about the CIA drug testing program, CIA surveillance of Americans, the CIA's interpretation of its authority to conduct covert operations, the directives under which the CIA conducts surveillance of Americans today. All of this information has been released without any harm to the national security.

The FOIA does require the CIA to respond to requests from people it may not like, such as this writer or Philip Agee, and even to answer queries that it suspects emanate from the KGB. But it need not release any information in response to such requests. The FOIA *is* expensive, but that seems a price well worth paying for the public oversight it makes possible. Carefully drawn FOIA amendments to help the CIA weed out requests from hostile intelligence services might be in order. But Moynihan's proposal to exempt all CIA operational files from the search and release procedures of the FOIA (except for requests for personal files), would cause a substantial reduction in the ability of the public to learn about intelligence activities. It is in no way justified by the public record.

There is little controversy about Moynihan's proposal to make it a crime for a present or former official to reveal the names of CIA officials or agents. But there is much debate about the second provision in this part of the Moynihan bill, which would punish the press for revealing the names of agents. The first provision is directed at Philip Agee. Ever since he went abroad and published a book naming everyone he knew who was working with the agency in Latin America, the CIA has longed to get even with its former employee. This bill would not apply retroactively to Agee, but it would punish those who might be tempted to follow in his footsteps. So far, no one has followed Agee's example. Other former CIA agents who have written books have been careful not to reveal names. The second provision in this part of the Moynihan bill is directed at the *Covert Information Bulletin*. This magazine publishes the names of those it believes to be CIA employees in various countries. Agee is connected with this publication, but all of the information it publishes is derived from public sources. This portion of the bill would punish a private citizen who, in the frank summary of Representative Boland, its chief House sponsor, discloses unclassified information obtained from unclassified sources.

In the eyes of most constitutional scholars, every court that has considered the matter in any form, and at least until now the Department of Justice, such a law is almost certainly unconstitutional. This provision would have covered the *Washington Post* when it reported that King Hussein of Jordan was taking money from the CIA. Drafters of the legislation have tried to limit its scope by requiring proof that the intent of the disclosure was to impair or impede an intelligence activity. But under the First Amendment, Americans have every right to seek to "impede or impair" the functions of any federal agency, whether it is the FTC or the CIA, by publishing information acquired from unclassified sources.

The CIA asserts that foreign intelligence services and potential agents have been refusing to cooperate with the agency because of the perception that the agency cannot keep secrets. It is undoubtedly true that the CIA has more trouble now than it had five years ago in persuading people that it can keep secrets. But the reasons for this have little to do with the new legal restrictions. Ten years ago major American newspapers and magazines simply would not publish CIA secrets. Now they seek them out and often are willing to publish even over presidential objections. More than 100 retired CIA officials are writing their memoirs; many others have talked and are talking on background to journalists writing books about the CIA. The Kampiles and Boyce spy scandals have revealed that even if the CIA is free of moles, its secrets can reach foreign governments through the treachery of clerks and junior officials. The Supreme Court has established the right of citizens to sue executive branch officials who violate their constitutional rights. Suits brought against the CIA have led to the release of many documents; amendments to the FOIA would not affect this right of discovery in a civil suit. The CIA also is no longer able to squelch indictments of its officials or agents who commit crimes. In such cases much information is released. So even if the CIA had its wishes fulfilled, and Congress exempted it from the FOIA and passed the names of agents bill, the agency still would not be able to assure potential collaborators that information would not be made public by the courts, Congress, or the press.

To attribute the intelligence failures of the past few years to attacks on the CIA by civil libertarians is to ignore the fact that such failures were occurring long before champions of civil liberties or anyone else was taking a close look at the CIA. The CIA was established to overcome the problems that produced the Pearl Harbor intelligence failure. Throughout its history, it has had successes and failures. Even in the 1950s and early 1960s when it operated with full authority to keep its secrets, when it reported to no congressional committees, and when there was no FOIA, the CIA often failed. The Bay of Pigs is only one of the many examples. Undoing recent efforts to put limits on the intelligence community's power to spy on Americans and to intervene abroad will do little to improve intelligence gathering.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Up from Down Under

Australia! What a resounding plunk that name arouses in the film-goer's breast. The plunk has lately been deepened by a campaign for Australian pictures, headed by something called *Newsfront*, a clumsy item about an early Aussie newsreel company, and two duds by Peter Weir, *Picnic at Hanging Rock* and *The Last Wave*. Apparently Weir is being hustled to become for his country what Andrzej Wajda is for Poland. I think Weir is well on the way: he's equally arty and imitative.

But—a big, cheery but. Here is a lovely film from Australia, a film of wiry, sensitive, humorous strength. *My Brilliant Career* is based on a 1901 novel of that name, unknown to me, by a woman named Miles Franklin. All the principal members of the filmmaking team—except the excellent cinematographer, Don McAlpine—are women: the producer, Margaret Fink, the costume and production designers, Anna Senior and Luciana Arrighi, the production supervisor, Jane Scott, the screenwriter, Eleanor Witcombe, and last but possibly best, the director, Gillian Armstrong. I can't remember so female a list of credits on any feature film, and we're not yet at the stage of sexual equality where the phenomenon can, or should be, ignored. Hurrah—down around the globe—for them all.

And I haven't even mentioned the bearer of their combined standards, the principal member of the cast, Judy Davis. A separate, ringing hurrah for her. How straightaway and completely winning she is. Davis plays a budding teenager out in the Australian bush in 1897, the daughter of a well-bred woman and a lower-class farmer, a family scratching a livelihood in grim, wind-stormed surroundings. The daughter is a stubborn dreamer and aspirer. She won't settle for the life available or even for a "good" marriage that would lift her out of that life. She wants to make her own life, somehow, she wants to discover herself. This hunger—internationally familiar and perennially important—is conveyed by Davis with a sureness that shows, in musical terms, absolute pitch. She has talent, intense and trenchant, something like Jane Fonda's: she and the role become absolutely congruent, as with Meryl Streep. Her performance is full of unconventional yet absolutely right "choices" in reading and movement and interplay; and she brings all the details into focus—which is to say she makes them all disappear—through her force of spirit.

The film starts with Davis starting her autobiographical novel, *My Brilliant Career*, in a school notebook on a farmhouse table. At the end she mails it to a Scottish publisher. (A final note tells us that it was published in 1901, but there is no note about the author's difficulties in living an independent life thereafter.) As she writes, the heroine's adventures take her to a stay with her wealthy maternal grandmother, a visit from there with wealthy neighbors including a marriageable young man, proposals and refusals of marriage, a teaching job with scrubby kids, and a final resolve to make her own way. She "very nearly" loves the young man—attractively played by Sam Neill, a sort of young James Mason—but she doesn't want to tag her life with a Mrs. label. She acts out of resolve (she could easily marry Neill), out of obligation to herself and to the secrets that made her different.

The role could have slipped over into nuisance, a cartoon of the headstrong, poetic madcap that Katharine Hepburn sometimes played 45 years ago. But there's no archness in Davis, only—fundamentally—awe: awe of the fire and dissatisfaction in her and of the responsibilities they entail. And all of this is thrust along with high-spirited delight.

Surely collaborating with Davis, and meriting the same hopes for the future, is the director, Gillian Armstrong. Davis was trained entirely in Australia; Armstrong, except for a six-month tour of observation elsewhere, likewise: at film schools in Melbourne and Sydney and with local companies. Her work here speaks for her training as well as her talent. She knows every shot she needs and how to get it, with minimal fuss, without eccentricity, but with flavor. One or two moments, like the reappearance of Neill at the end, could have had more impact, but on the whole this is smooth, unhackneyed direction. And every sequence shines with Armstrong's sympathy, her understanding of all the characters. She stacks no cards, not even with the silly-ass visiting Englishman, and she deals fairly with the difficulties that the heroine's determination makes for others.

My only real complaint about this film is affectionate. Everyone keeps commiserating with the Davis character because she isn't pretty. Beats me. I thought her highly appealing in a touching, funny, intelligent way, and McAlpine's camera does nothing to glamorize her. McAlpine also knows how to handle inarguable beauty (Wendy Hughes, as Davis's aunt), wonderful "character" faces, the rawness of the open country, and the sanctuary of the

Films Worth Seeing

Angi Vera. Hungary, 1948. A young woman's ethical/political corruption, subtly dramatized.

Kramer vs. Kramer. The script is a romance of divorce (as against old Hollywood romance of marriage), but the acting is splendid all the way.

The Muppet Movie. Still around, still pleasing, still worth seeing. Twice.

Our Hitler: A Film from Germany. Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's seven-hour collection of film poems. Special engagements. The two parts before intermission are monumental, the rest sporadically stirring.

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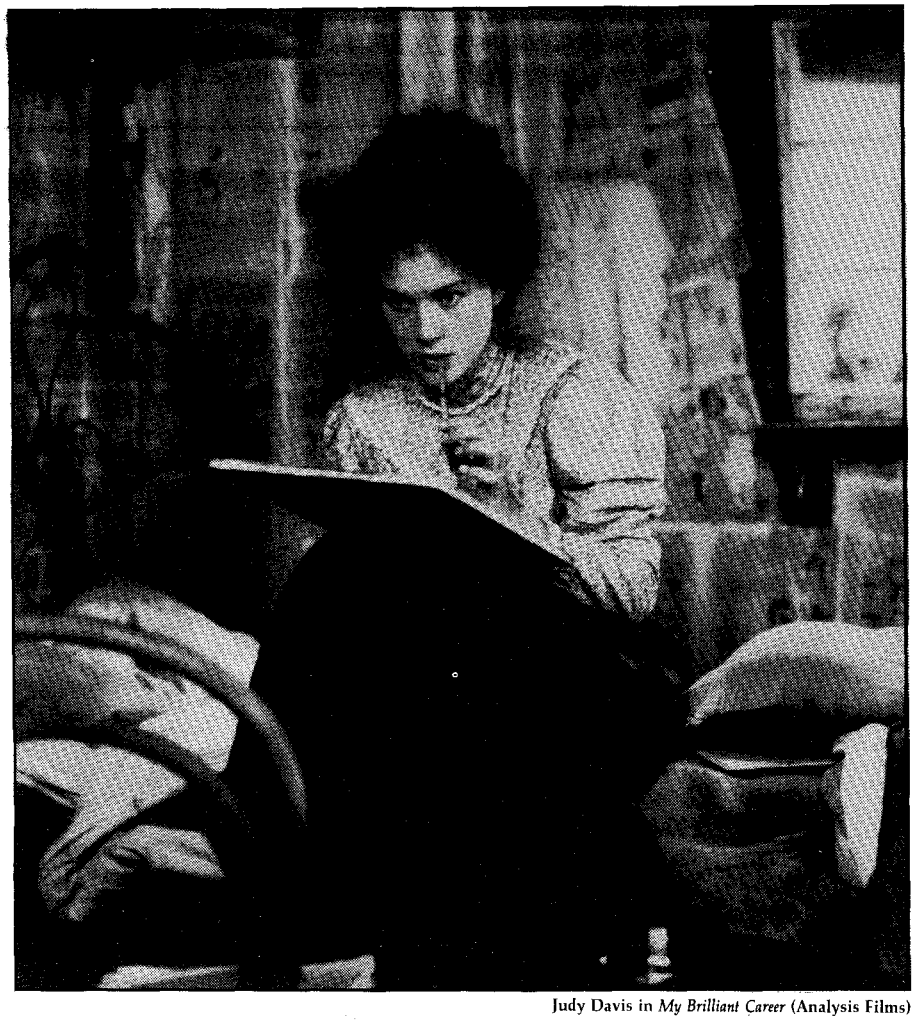

Judy Davis in *My Brilliant Career* (Analysis Films)

Anglicized wealthy homes.

No large statements about expectations from Australia on the basis of one very good film. But at least now there has been one very good film.

Some years ago it was announced that Ingmar Bergman and Federico Fellini had agreed to collaborate. No one seriously expected that the film would be made, and I think we were all lucky to be proved right. But if it *had* been made and each man had brought out the worst in the other, the result might have been *To Forget Venice*.

Franco Brusati, who wrote the story, co-wrote the screenplay, and directed, was last represented by *Bread and Chocolate*, which varied elephantine aestheticism with elephantine comedy—the former from Brusati, the latter from the dependably hammy Nino Manfredi. Luckily, *Venice* escapes Manfredi: in fact, I went to it, despite the last Brusati disaster, because it has Erland Josephson, long a collaborator of Bergman's, and Mariangela Melato, long a collaborator of Lina Wertmüller's. Josephson is dubbed, obviously, in Italian; Melato's most interesting moments are her several barings of her exceptional bosom. (It was so pointedly shown that comment is in order.)

The story is one more reunion at a country house. It's near Venice, and Josephson, a sophisticated Milanese homosexual, grew up there. Melato lives there now with another young woman, sometimes homosexually, along with an older woman, who is a former opera singer, and an ancient woman servant. All except the servant are related in complicated ways.

The theme is memory, the pathos that lost time gives to the very moment in which it is remembered. Thus *Venice* has the subject, and adopts the methods, of *Wild Strawberries*, *8½*, and *Amarcord*. Film gods, forgive me for mentioning the first title in the same sentence with the others. Brusati is a puffed-up mimic of his betters: assumptive, because he expects us to be moved by the mere deployment of the past without creating any interest in the present; reductive, because he diminishes some syntax and strophes that were developed by two major artists—out of deepest roots—into glib mannerisms.

Besides, it's degrading to watch two good actors degrading themselves. It seems to rub off on the viewer.

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Robert Brustein on theater

Journeys to the End of the World

Betrayal (Trafalgar) shows us Harold Pinter at the pinnacle of his craft meticulously fashioning a mosaic of highly polished stones. Perhaps more than anybody today, Pinter is a playwright in the antique meaning of the word, in the sense that others are shipwrights or wheelwrights: he is our supreme artificer and handicraftsman. In his latest play, he has pieced together a story of marital adultery among three educated people—a publisher, his wife, and a literary agent. The single filament of action in the entire work—it occurs in the last scene—is the seduction of the wife by the agent during a party; everything else is brittle revelation. "This is the only thing that ever happened," says the agent in the course of flattering the wife into bed. As far as the plot is concerned, the remark is true. Scenes change; time passes (in both directions); people exchange small talk and information. But the total preoccupation of these three people, apart from a desultory interest in their professions, is the enactment, suppression, and exposure of an adultery.

Much praise has been lavished on the form of this play where most (not all) of the scenes move backward into history rather than forward into time—certainly an intriguing device. In the very first scene, as witnesses to the guttering candle-end of the affair, watching the former lovers exchange uncomfortable banalities ("I'm all right. How are you?" "I'm all right." "You think of me sometimes?" "I think of you sometimes."), the audience is given the central revelation of the play: Robert, the husband, having known of his betrayal for years, has recently told Emma, his wife, that he has also been betraying her for years. Robert's secret knowledge causes considerable discomfort to Jerry, the lover, since he is also the publisher's best friend. Knowing this will alter their friendship in some subtle manner, as it will most certainly doom the marriage.

Reduced to its bare bones, the situation teeters on the edge of soap opera. But what interests Pinter more than the future of these relationships is the impact of knowledge on behavior: how Robert won't play squash with Jerry though he continues to do business with him, how Emma has conceived a child by her husband while her lover was abroad, how Robert hates his work because he really hates books, how Emma confessed her adultery to Robert in Venice after he had already discovered it. These revelations in reverse introduce a novel irony into contemporary drama—common enough to ancient Greeks watching a familiar story like the Oedipus myth—where the audience is privy to certain events before they actually happen. But where Sophoclean irony leads to tragic inexorability, Pinter's irony issues only in sangfroid. Except for one moment when Robert almost betrays some emotion ("I've always liked Jerry. To be honest I've always liked him more than I liked you. Perhaps I should have had an affair with him myself"), he receives his wife's admission with frigid control, carrying his knowledge through the years with elegant disdain.

Left-wing critics have criticized this play because the people are of such microscopic importance, but one doesn't have to be a Marxist to agree that Pinter has lavished considerable gifts on a situation of crashing triviality. For a few moments, I thought this might even be the point of his play—that overcivilized people, having lost the vocabulary of feeling, respond to emotional provocations with banalities and strategems. But the sangfroid belongs to the author as well. Like James Joyce's Divine Creator, Pinter regards his own inventions aloofly, paring his nails. And like the Jupiterians in Kubrick's *2001*, we are encouraged to watch these human specimens as if they were located in a simulated zoo, responding to their bizarre affairs with little squeals of laughter.

I came away from *Betrayal*, in short, full of cold admiration for the author, but sensing that the play had importance largely as a lesson in dramaturgy. My admiration for the production was equally qualified. Pinter's faithful collaborators, John Bury, the designer, and Peter Hall, the director, have once again displayed their customary sensitivity to his style, Bury creating a variety of settings within a single framework through almost impressionistic brushstrokes, and Hall maintaining a glittering mirrored surface over the impenetrable depths. Raul Julia, however, I found to be ethnically and temperamentally miscast in the part of Jerry; his effort at adapting his exuberant nature to the requirements of a crisp British accent made him sound as if he were momentarily going to launch into a Puerto Rican imitation of Olivier speaking the Agincourt speech. Blythe Danner and Roy Scheider are considerably more successful at entering Pinter's world, though their accents also seemed occasionally applied. Danner gives a tense and vulnerable performance, like a bird about to be netted—on the verge of being exposed, she shows her nerves simply by tightening her jaw and leg muscles. As for Scheider, he shows us why actors find Pinter so appealing. His face as sharp as a knife, his eyes as hooded as a reptile's, his character as well pressed as his trousers, he manages always to conceal more than he reveals, tantalizing us with a subtext more eloquent than the play. What I missed, however, was the relevance of the text itself, the occasion for all this expertise, some evidence that Pinter was using his miniaturist genius to some significant purpose.

Joseph Chaikin enjoys a well-deserved reputation as one of the most innovative and dedicated people in the American theater. His devotion to process, the invention of new forms and techniques, has resulted in important theatrical advances, some of them recently on display at the Public Theater in *Tongues*, a collaboration between him and Sam Shepard, in which Chaikin, the sole speaker, does exercises on love and death to the accompaniment of advanced jazz. But it is sometimes the fate of such experimenters that their process is more interesting than their results. This is the case, I fear, with Chaikin's new production of *Endgame* (Manhattan Theater Club). In the past I used to urge Chaikin to explore written texts; now I feel a little foolish in admitting that this production lacks the electricity of Chaikin's improvisational work. It has the look of one of those dutiful "revivals" one often finds in conventional resident theaters, produced out of homage to the modern repertory.

I don't mean to say that Beckett's great work is unworthy of frequent production, but simply that each reworking must develop its own purpose and immediacy. In 1966, André Gregory did an interpretation of *Endgame* at the Theater of Living Arts, which seemed to many a travesty of the play. With David Hurst as Hamm and Ron Leibman as Clov, featuring a soundtrack of Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy singing "Naughty Marietta," and the

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actors breaking into routines from Hollywood comedies, it outraged the faithful by its apparent disrespect for a masterpiece. But what it had, in abundance, was vitality, imagination, and an inner compulsion, qualities sorely lacking in the current production. What is missing is a sense of urgency; it looks flaccid and soft, like muscles gone slack. Since the cast involves some good actors, the fault, I fear, lies in the direction.

Although the stage of the theater is rather wide for a sense of claustral entrapment, Sally Jacobs has devised a serviceable setting, but the lighting is self-conscious (soft spots fading in and out on Nagg and Nell), and the performance lacks conviction. I have the impression the casting was based on vaudeville associations: Clov has been dressed up like Marceau, Hamm looks like a young Charles Laughton, Nell reminds one of Mary Boland, and Nagg is a dead ringer for Ray Bolger. But while the evening makes an effort at comedy, it often reduces down to mugging, much too calculated; the actors have not found the base of pain from which these leaps are made.

In short, one is conscious of labor—one feels the effort, not the effort overcome. Michael Gross, playing Clov, is a gifted actor, as I know from personal experience, but his flat, nasal middle-American inflections are too regional and technical for this perpetually harassed slave, and his manner is too ingratiating to persuade us that his feelings toward his master are occasionally murderous. Daniel Seltzer's Hamm is intelligent, well modulated, oratorical, but without emotional power, without depth, finally without risk. Nagg—Hamm's "cursed progenitor"—looks more like a younger brother than a father, and Nell looks like Hamm's kid sister, which robs them both of old-age ferocity. What was finally lost in this re-creation of Beckett's universe was its mordant sense of ultimateness. This was not the end of the world, but merely another stage in its general wimpishness.

A conversation with Andrei Sinyavsky.

On Cultural Dissidence

by Abraham Brumberg

Andrei Sinyavsky is widely regarded as one of the most brilliant contemporary Russian writers. He first came to the attention of the West in 1959, with the appearance of a novella, *The Trial Begins*, and an essay, "On Socialist Realism," both published under the pseudonym of Abram Tertz. During the next five years stories, novels, and epigrammatic writings by "Abram Tertz" continued to appear in Western Europe and the United States, along with short stories by another pseudonymous writer, "Nikolai Arzhak." The works of the first were characterized by hyperbolic wit and striking imagery, while "Arzhak's" stories belong to a genre of social satire that had virtually disappeared from Soviet literature since the late 1930s. The true identity of both writers was a mystery until late 1965, when Sinyavsky—a distinguished literary critic—and Yuli Daniel ("Nikolai Arzhak"), an equally reputable translator, were arrested in Moscow and accused of smuggling "anti-Soviet" books abroad. Their trial, in February-March 1966, was an event of singular importance, not only because it was the first political trial since Stalin's death in 1953, but also because it was the first time that the charge of political subversion was based not on the defendants' political activities—however fanciful—but on the contents of their literary works.

The trial caused a furor among Soviet intellectuals, who saw it as marking the end of the relatively liberal policies instituted by Stalin's successors. The trial also elicited spirited protests from many Soviet sympathizers and Communists in the West, and from Western intellectuals in general. Both Sinyavsky and Daniel refused to admit their guilt—yet another "first" in the history of political trials in the Soviet Union—and both were sentenced to long prison and labor camp terms. In 1972, Sinyavsky was permitted, together with his wife Maria Rozanova and their son, to emigrate to Paris, where Sinyavsky was offered a chair in Russian literature at the Sorbonne. Daniel, who was released earlier, again settled in Moscow, devoting himself, as in the past, to translation, and refraining from any literary or political dissident activity. Sinyavsky has published books on Gogol and Pushkin, and in 1976 he published *A Voice from the Chorus* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a collection of literary reflections, observations, and letters written to his wife during his internment. Since 1978, he and his wife have been editing a quarterly called *Syntaxis*, which, unlike other Russian émigré journals, eschews fiction in favor of *publitsistika*—a term that stands for both journalism and essay writing.

I interviewed Sinyavsky at his residence, a small house in the Paris suburb of Fontenay aux Roses. Our conversation was conducted in Russian, recorded, transcribed, and then translated into English. Some of the remarks concerning *Syntaxis* were made by Sinyavsky jointly or in consultation with Maria Rozanova. I have also felt it necessary to use the term "publicistic" since, so far as I know, there is no other English equivalent for this term.

* * *

Abraham Brumberg: *More than 13 years have elapsed since your and Yuli Daniel's trial. In retrospect, how do you assess its significance for the Russian intelligentsia, for Soviet society, and for yourself, personally?*

Andrei Sinyavsky: Let me begin with how it affected me. As I think back to that period, I am struck by the enormous contrast between our psychological frame of mind—Daniel's and mine—and the actual state of affairs. We were not exactly children when we started sending our works abroad; we had a fairly good idea of the risks involved and of the possible consequences. But in prison we were totally isolated from the rest of the world. We did not know what to expect from the authorities, and it didn't even occur to us to think of public opinion, either abroad or in the Soviet

Abraham Brumberg, former editor of *Problems of Communism*, is a visiting fellow at the John Hopkins Center for Advanced International Studies.

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Union. Left to our own devices, existing as it were in a vacuum, we had to make certain irrevocable decisions entirely on our own. To give you an idea of the depth of our ignorance, we did not know, literally until we entered the courtroom, whether the trial would be open to the public or whether it would take place within the bowels of the KGB. I remember asking my interrogator this question, and being blithely told that "this matter would of course be decided by the Court."

Our decision, then, was not to admit to our guilt, but to reject the claim, made by the state, that literature could be put on trial, that the charge of committing "socially dangerous crimes" could be leveled against literary works as much as human beings. The aim of our accusers, naturally, was to force us to admit the very opposite.

Brumberg: *But* Syntaxis *was a purely literary journal, whereas your trial had a pronounced political character.*

Sinyavsky: Yes, that's the way it turned out, but it wasn't, let me repeat, any of our doing.

Brumberg: *Many of your readers have been struck by the fact that unlike other inmates of Soviet prisons and labor camps, you have never dwelt in your works on the horrors of camp life. To be sure,* A Voice from the Chorus *was based principally on your notes and letters you wrote to your wife during your six-year incarceration, letters which obviously could not deal with such grim subjects. Yet you could have done it later. Why haven't you?*

Sinyavsky: There are three reasons. First, I did not want to repeat what others have said. When I regained my freedom, I realized that the phenomenon of Soviet labor camps, in all its monstrous dimensions, had already been illuminated in our *samizdat* literature. What seemed particularly interesting to me was to describe not so much the external aspects of camp life, but my inner and if you will my spiritual experiences. The more so—and here I come to the second reason—since my six years constituted on the one hand the most difficult period—indeed, there were times when I didn't think I would even survive it—and on the other the happiest and the most fascinating period of my life. Life in camp turned out to be the embodiment of my own private vision of the world: a fusion of reality and fantasy, which I had always thought and written about. In some respects much like the world outside, it was unique in its intensity. Human capacity for evil as well as for good, qualities such as savagery on the one hand and courage and stoicism on the other revealed themselves in a remarkably concentrated fashion. I was surrounded by Nazi collaborators, by Beria's henchmen, thieves, murderers, and also by men of a saintly disposition, especially members of various religious sects. For the first time I came face to face with Ukrainian and Baltic nationalists, with representatives of the old Russian intelligentsia, with the criminal underworld. This is what I found so entrancing and what I tried to convey, along with my thoughts

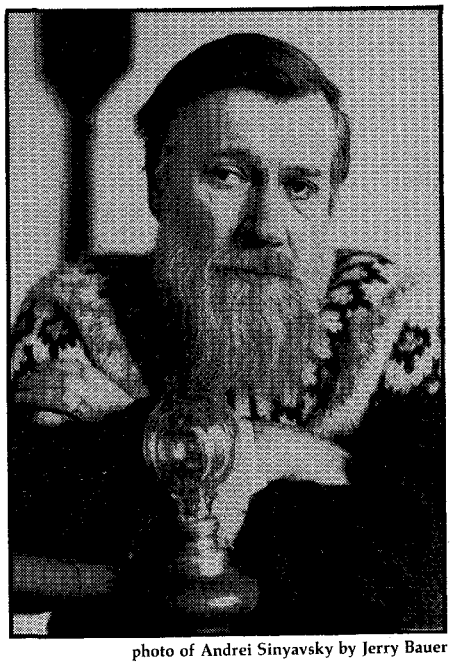

photo of Andrei Sinyavsky by Jerry Bauer

about literature and art, in *A Voice from the Chorus*. Some people may find it odd that I would spend so much time reading and writing, yet after all writing is my profession, it was the cause of my arrest, and I was always absorbed by questions of culture and aesthetics. So much, then, for the second reason. As for the third—well, I don't think I have had my final say. I may well return to this subject one of these days.

Brumberg: *In your essay "On Socialist Realism," you called upon writers to fashion a new literature in the spirit of Chagall, Goya, Hoffman, and others—artists who have taught us, as you put it, to be truthful with the help of "absurd fantasy." Did you have in mind a new genre of Russian or Soviet literature, or do you think that today's reality everywhere can only be perceived through the medium of unreality? I am reminded of Günter Grass, who said somewhere that the Nazi past and its aftermath can only be grasped through the prism of the grotesque and exotic.*

Sinyavsky: I certainly would not presume to propose a single path either for Russian literature or for contemporary writing in general. You must understand that in 1960, when I first formulated my views on this subject, Soviet literature was still firmly tied to the principles of "socialist realism" and to the traditions of 19th-century realists such as Tolstoy or—in a more attenuated form—Chekhov. I felt it necessary to remind our writers of the thread represented by men such as Gogol and Dostoevsky in the 19th century, and, say, by Mikhail Bulgakov in the 1920s. The thread had been broken more than 40 years ago. Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*, for instance, had to wait 30 years before it was published in the Soviet Union—and even then with certain passages left out. I remember reading it with a feeling of overpowering joy. Here, I said to myself, is a writer who belongs in that *other* stream of Russian literature, one which is so congenial to me personally, and which should surely be an inspiration to other writers as well.

Brumberg: *Let's talk for a moment about sex. There is something rather odd about the reaction of Soviet literary critics and* apparatchiki *to eroticism in literature. Any explicit or even oblique description of sexual scenes is apt to be denounced as "pornography." How do you explain it? Is this a typical Soviet or perhaps typical Russian reaction? Or are we dealing here simply with a cultural lag? After all, D. H. Lawrence's* Lady Chatterley's Lover, *for instance, was still banned in all English-speaking countries only a quarter of a century ago.*

Sinyavsky: I think what we have here is a Russian tradition, with an admixture of something characteristically Soviet. It may be that Russia, as a peasant country, was always inclined toward reserve, restraint, and chasteness in sexual matters, the more so since intellectual tradition held that man should live on a loftier plane, that he should concern himself with the problems of suffering humanity, rather than with such frivolous things as feminine charms. There were, of course, works that deviated from these themes, but they were considered disgraceful. The Hellenic strain was almost entirely absent from Russian literature, with the possible exception of Pushkin. And Pushkin, you will recall, was often denounced as a depraved libertine.

To this was added a strictly Soviet ingredient. In the official view, laid down in the 1920s and enshrined under

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Stalin, man must devote himself exclusively to the building of the new communist society. Which is to say that the ideal image of a Soviet man was that of an ascetic. To be sure, he might take an interest in other matters as well—such as sex—but to do so excessively would inevitably lead to selfishness, decadence, and to the betrayal of his lofty calling. These high-minded and of course patently hypocritical standards—which are now perhaps slowly being eroded, but which are still part of the official ideology—have spawned a mass of illicit themes, of which sex is merely one. Death is another. You still cannot deal seriously with death, except in the context of that standard myth that while a man has passed away, his "work will live on forever." In fact, I would say that death is perhaps more of a taboo subject in Soviet literature than sex.

Brumberg: *Here in the West it is frequently assumed that any writer who is accepted by the Soviet authorities is ipso facto meretricious. In a recent essay published in the British quarterly* Survey, *for instance, the distinguished émigré literary critic Michael Heller asserts that any work that appears under official Soviet imprimatur is bound to contain at least a heavy percentage of falsehood, and "where there is even one percent falsehood there can be no art, since art is a means of understanding life." Therefore, he goes on to say, it is only "dissident literature" that has any merit whatsoever. Let me cite his concluding sentence: "True dissident literature, which should perhaps be better known simply as literature, is the literature which says 'No!'" Do you agree?*

Sinyavsky: No, I don't believe it is possible to draw so sharp a distinction between "official" and "dissident" literature. The two frequently overlap. Official authors may suddenly turn into dissidents, artistically as well as politically. Georgi Vladimov is an especially striking example. His *Faithful Ruslan* is essentially a dissident, that is to say an entirely unorthodox novel; yet before its rejection by the censors and its subsequent publication abroad Vladimov was not known as a dissident at all. Incidentally, when I use the term "dissident" I do not mean only authors who have either been banished from Soviet literature or from the Soviet Union. There are dissident authors whose works still continue to be published within the official framework.

Brumberg: *Let me put it to you this way: What is "Soviet" and what is "dissident" literature? What are the criteria that determine whether a work belongs to one or the other category?*

Sinyavsky: You know, a friend of ours, recently deceased, once said that a dissident is not one who attacks the Soviet Union but who is attacked *by* the Soviet regime. The same applies to literature.

Brumberg: *This is precisely what I find so fascinating. There are a number of "official" authors who openly say things that would have caused their arrest 20 years ago. Yuri Trifonov's novellas, including his recent one, "The Old Man," which in effect deprecates the official version of the October Revolution, is a case in point. How, to put it bluntly, does he get away with it?*

Sinyavsky: I think the first thing we must realize is that the very emergence of dissidence in the Soviet Union, in politics as well as in art, has facilitated the appearance of discordant tendencies within the body of so-called official literature. These tendencies, represented by authors such as Rasputin and Trifonov, may be ephemeral; they exist, as it were, on the shifting borderline of the official artistic world; and one never knows when these authors may suddenly find themselves cast in the dissident world. Yet if explicitly dissident literature—works such as *Gulag Archipelago*—encourages honest writers to write more truthfully about social issues and to experiment with hitherto proscribed artistic genres, it also forces the authorities to be more flexible in applying their "cultural policy": to close their eyes to this or that work, to show greater generosity to one and less to another writer, and generally to proceed with caution lest yet another artist join the ranks of the dissidents. For they have learned from bitter experience: 14 years ago Daniel and I were given criminal sentences for our literary activity. In principle the same could happen now. You could expel all the offending contributors to *Metropol* from the Writer's Union, and put 20 of them on trial. Yet thus far only two of them have been expelled—and ostensibly not for political reasons at that, but for the "inferior quality of their writing." To throw out Akhmadulina, Voznesensky, or Aksionov would create a veritable scandal. It might increase the number of writers in emigration, it would create an ever greater void within the official artistic world, and before you know it Soviet literature would be in exile, figuratively and literally. This is a

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danger the authorities are aware of and are loath to court.

Brumberg: *If I may again turn to your own work, can you perhaps say how you perceive the relationship between your purely artistic and your publicistic or political pursuits?*

Sinyavsky: Political problems as such are not of much interest to me. I have never taken part in any political campaigns, except when it's been a matter of saving someone's life—such as Ginzburg's. I regard a writer as a private person. Indeed, I find it irritating when a writer mounts the podium and addresses his audience in the name of "the people." In this respect I have my differences with Solzhenitsyn and others. I have no political program to offer. I do not exhort people to follow this or another path. I have no political perspectives, and if truth be told, I do not believe in Russia's luminous future. This is why culture is far more important to me. Mind you, I am not suggesting that political problems are of no interest to me at all. But I see them largely in phenomenological terms, as one of the ways in which our fantastic reality expresses itself.

Brumberg: *Many of your works—short stories, novels, essays—touch upon Jewish problems, the role of Jews in Russian culture and history, anti-Semitism, and so on. Your* nom de plume, *too, Abram Tertz, was surely a deliberate evocation of things Jewish. What has caused this preoccupation or emphasis? Was it perhaps some experiences in your childhood or later in life?*

Sinyavsky: The answer lies, I suppose, in the historical circumstances that shaped my consciousness as a human being and as a writer. I grew up in a traditional revolutionary family which considered any manifestation of nationalism contemptible. In school, in the 1930s, "Jewish problems" did not exist. Half of my schoolmates were Jewish, but no one paid any attention to that. My youth coincided with the last years of the Stalin era, which saw the hideous eruption of anti-Semitism—the "anti-cosmopolitan" campaign, the "Doctor's Plot," and so on. For me these events were an unbearably traumatic experience. The problem of anti-Semitism in Russia remains to this day. In fact, it has intensified in recent years, as part of the rise of Russian nationalist tendencies. By nature and by virtue of my interests I am completely tied to Russian culture; I might even call myself a Slavophile, though naturally not in the sense of rejecting or despising the West. But I find the new Russian nationalism alarming if not altogether frightening. It would be a tragedy if Marxism-Leninism gave way not to something better, but to a variety of fascism. There is a danger of that—and I have made it my aim, as a Russian *intelligent*, to struggle against it with all the means at my disposal. I must admit that I often feel glad not to be Jewish—a thought that couldn't possibly have occurred to me in the past.

Brumberg: *I remember you once said that your reaction to the current wave of anti-Semitism is not only that of a Russian* intelligent, *but also of an Orthodox believer.*

Sinyavsky: Yes, I feel a sense of shame both as an *intelligent* and as a believer. It is at the point where the revived interest in Russian culture, in the Russian past, in the church, in old icons, coincides with the idea of Russian exclusivity and with chauvinism that I feel that I must take my stand.

Brumberg: *Isn't it curious, however, that contemporary anti-Semitism should grow to such appalling proportions precisely among Russians—a people that you described, in* A Voice from the Chorus, *as possessed of a remarkable sensitivity?*

Sinyavsky: I wrote about the sensitivity of Russians as both a virtue and a flaw.

Sinyavsky on Sakharov and Afghanistan

In the wake of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the expulsion of Academician Andrei Sakharov from Moscow, I telephoned Sinyavsky to ask his views.

Sinyavsky: I think that what we are witnessing in the Soviet Union today is yet another political freeze, expressed as much in the invasion of Afghanistan as in the recent arrests, searches, and other repressive measures against dissidents. This happens periodically—like bursts of hatred by the Soviet government against people who think differently. . . . While it is difficult to read the minds of the Soviet leaders, I would say that they reasoned as follows: clearly the occupation of Afghanistan aggravates international tensions and disturbs the international equilibrium. Once we have taken this step, however, we might as well proceed more firmly against the dissidents, too.

Brumberg: *In your opinion, what role has Western policy played in these latest outbursts?*

Sinyavsky: . . . I am convinced that the repressions against dissidents would have been far harsher had the West been more complacent. There would have been more arrests, and Sakharov might well have been arrested a long time ago. . . .

Unlike other dissidents, Sakharov still enjoys to some extent the protection of his international prestige. And the fact that they have now moved against him is evidence of the Soviet Union baring its teeth. Sakharov is an extraordinary man, generous, tolerant, and completely lacking in partisanship. He is always ready to help all those who are persecuted in his country, regardless of their views. . . . It was inevitable that what with the latest arrests of dissidents, Sakharov would speak up.

Brumberg: *What do you think will happen to him now?*

Sinyavsky: Sakharov is marvelously stubborn; he will continue his efforts on behalf of the hounded and persecuted till the end of his days. I hope, nevertheless, that the Soviet government will desist from taking any final measures against him; they know that if they do so the outrage throughout the world will surpass even that which greeted the invasion of Afghanistan.

Brumberg: *What can you say about the current Western reaction?*

Sinyavsky: I should say that the stiff reaction of the outside world probably took the Soviet leaders by surprise. By and large they tend to assume that any furor is bound to die down. "Never mind, they'll swallow it"—that's the typical attitude. I am judging, you know, from my personal experience. I remember that when I told my interrogator that my arrest might arouse opinion in the West, where my works had after all been published, he laughed and said: "Come now, Andrei Donatovitch! Of course there's going to be a fuss, but it will end. And then we'll be able to take care of you and the others as we see fit."

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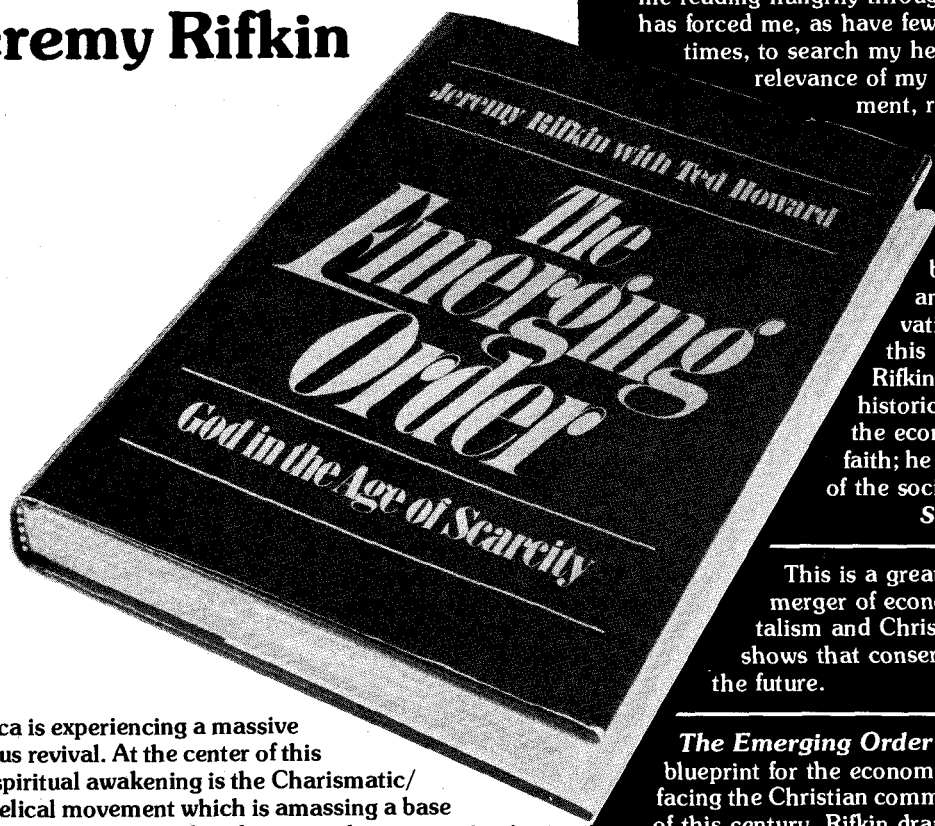
a new book by Jeremy Rifkin



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I read the book wanting to say "no" to statement after statement, yet knowing in my guts that too much of it is true. I recommend the book especially to ecumenical types like myself.

Eugene L. Stockwell
Associate General Secretary for Overseas Ministries
National Council of Churches

Copernicus played a decisive role in moving Christians from believing that the earth is the center of the universe to believing that it is only a planet circling the sun. Jeremy Rifkin will play a decisive role in moving Christians from believing that a growth economy is possible to believing that a steady state economy is necessary. One is left with a feeling of having read history before it happened. And the potential role of American evangelicals in this process is mindboggling. I have never read a more helpful book on the meaning of our times.

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We Russians seem to lack a feeling of form—not in the Aristotelian sense, but in the sense of pith. I have detected the presence of this form in European cultures, and the absence of that kernel, of that essence, in our culture. This allows us to spread out, to assimilate other cultures, to adopt the ideas of other peoples and cultures. Yet since we have no clear grasp of form, we also tend to rush from one extreme to the other. We accumulate scabs, we take on not form, but armor. For that reason Russian nihilism and Russian conservatism are not polar opposites; they are two sides of the same coin.

Brumberg: *The typical extremes of the Russian?*

Sinyavsky: Yes. And it has an extraordinary effect on culture and even on individual personality. Russians are very interesting, you know. In this regard I am very much of a patriot—I find the Russians perhaps the most interesting people in the world. I have thought about our curious attributes all my life, but it was only recently that I have been able to put my thoughts and feelings into coherent terms. I refer to my essay in the latest issue of *Syntaxis*: it is my declaration of love for the Russian people.

Fin-de-Siècle Vienna: Politics and Culture by Carl E. Schorske

(Knopf; $15.95)

In Robert Musil's novel *The Man Without Qualities* (3 volumes, 1930-42), which has been called the most incisive analysis of the last days of the Habsburg Empire, the protagonist's cousin Diotima is engaged in helping to prepare a jubilee celebration of the 70th anniversary of Emperor Francis Joseph's accession to the throne. She is intent on giving spiritual content to this commemorative exercise and inspiring it with the principles of what she likes to call "our old Austrian culture," which she identifies, rather loosely, with

> the beautiful paintings of Velasquez and Rubens that hung in the Imperial museums; the fact that Beethoven had been to all intents and purposes an Austrian; Mozart, Haydn, the Cathedral of St. Stephen, the Burgtheater; the Court ceremonial, heavy with the weight of tradition; the Innere Stadt, the district where the smartest couturiers and dressshops of an empire of fifty million inhabitants were crowded; the tactful demeanor of high officials; Viennese cookery; the aristocracy, which considered itself second to none except the English, and its ancient palaces; the social tone, which was permeated with sometimes genuine, but usually sham, aestheticism.

Unfortunately, this enterprise makes no headway. Although Diotima assembles the social and intellectual leaders of the realm to give her guidance, "it seemed to her that everyone was saying something different, without her being able to find a common denominator for all of it." The fact of the matter was that the "old Austrian culture," in which she believed so fervently, was in a state of dissolution, and the outlines of what might replace it were obscured by the anarchy of experimentation and innovation.

The cultural transformation that was implicit in this bewildering process is the subject of Carl E. Schorske's book. He was attracted to it in the first instance, he tells us, when, as a teacher of intellectual history, he discovered the difficulties of finding any principle of order or coherence to explain the extreme fragmentation and pluralism of post-Nietzschean culture. He was led to the conclusion that he would have to study the various constituent branches of modern culture and try to understand the forces that led in each case to innovation. For this purpose, a study of *fin-de-siècle* Vienna suggested itself, for—with its great innovators in music and philosophy, economics, architecture, and psychoanalysis—it was "one of the most fertile breeding grounds of our century's a-historical culture." In the second place, the cultural climate of Schorske's own country after the inception of the cold war provided additional motivation. Among American intellectuals in the 1950s and 1960s, both the historical and social optimism and the liberal assumptions of the past gave way to a new pessimism and a distrust of rational prescriptions for progress, and Freud replaced Marx and Mill as a guide to human behavior. For the historian of culture, this shift of mood also made Vienna appear to be a fruitful area of inquiry, for the confusion and perplexity of Diotima's world had also been the result of a revolt against the assump-

Salome (Judith II), 1909, by Gustav Klimt

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Reichstratsstrasse. Photo from *Fin de Siècle Vienna.*

tions and the culture heroes of a liberal society.

Schorske's investigation takes the form of seven separate studies or, as he calls them, "forays into the terrain." The first two of these deal with Austrian liberalism from the 1860s to the 1890s, with the cultural ideals and social aspirations of the middle class, and with the first cracks in the liberal consensus. The third describes the rise of mass politics and anti-Semitism and their victory in the 1890s. The last four describe attempts of intellectuals who were reared in the traditions of liberalism to find new forms of expression that would be relevant to a world that was changing around them; in these essays Schorske ranges from Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* (1900) to the painting of the Secession and Expressionism and from the dramas of Hofmannsthal to Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron* (1932-51). Each of these studies can be read separately, for their only common feature is an attention to the interaction of politics and culture. Yet they are so artfully designed and integrated that one who reads them in order has no sense of either disjointedness or repetition but is impressed by the book's wholeness and the momentum of its argument.

The liberals came to power in Austria after the stunning defeat of the Habsburg armies by the Prussians in 1866. Their accession was ill-starred, for the military debacle was followed by Austria's expulsion from Germany, which reduced the prestige of a party whose social base was restricted to middle-class Germans and German Jews. Almost from the beginning, their political ascendancy was challenged by the subject nationalities, the peasantry, and the emergent working class, and neither the power that came from their wealth nor their reliance on the restricted franchise was enough to guarantee their position for very long. The liberals were able to change the face of Vienna, as Schorske demonstrates in his remarkable (and magnificently illustrated) chapter on "The Ringstrasse, Its Critics, and the Birth of Urban Modernism," but they were not strong enough to maintain their control over the city itself.

The 1890s saw the rise of a new kind of politics that rejected the liberal faith in reason and law. Its practitioners were men who appealed to the resentments, irrational expectations, and fantasies of those who were outsiders in the liberal world—men like Georg von Schönerer, who castigated liberalism as being synonymous with capitalism and control by the Jews and preached a heady blend of anti-Semitism and Pan-Germanism; Karl Lueger, who accepted anti-Semitism and combined it with Austrian political Catholicism, the ideology of the old right, in a new movement called Christian Socialism; and Theodor Herzl, who overcame an initial personal dislike of his own people to become the leader of a new Jewish nationalism that found its expression in the Zionist movement. Liberalism was the avowed enemy of all three of these new causes (Herzl fought against Jewish liberals no less fiercely than Schönerer and Lueger did against German and Catholic ones), and in the end it was their victim. The conquest of Vienna by Lueger's movement in the years 1895-97 marked the end of the liberal era and left Austrian liberals in a state of demoralization.

This was all the more pronounced because of the failure of the liberal bourgeoisie's hope of integration with the aristocracy. In Austria direct social assimilation to the aristocracy was even rarer than in Germany, and, despite the zeal with which the bourgeoisie imitated aristocratic models in their urban reconstruction and their patronage of the performing arts, assimilation by way of cultural collaboration was hardly more successful. In Arthur Schnitzler's novel *The Road into the Open* (1908), the final break between the aristocratic hero Georg von Wergenthin and his middle-class artist-sweetheart Anna is an expression of the author's acknowledgment of the frustration of the bourgeoisie's hopes of using culture to promote their social aspirations. It was not by chance, Schorske points out, that Schnitzler portrayed Anna's brother as a vicious anti-Semite. Indeed, the change of political climate in the 1890s helped to effect a profound alteration in the bourgeoisie's approach to culture. What had seemed to be a promising road to assimilation with the aristocracy now became a means of escaping from the unpleasantness of the real world. "The life of art," Schorske writes, "became a substitute for the life of action."

That this amounted to the political surrender of a class whose entrance into power in the 1860s had been marked by self-confidence and energy goes without saying. On the other hand, the necessity of adjusting to the failure of the great expectations of that earlier time had the effect of galvanizing individual thinkers and artists into startling insights and experiments. In an interesting chapter on Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* Schorske demonstrates how Freud personalized the dilemma of his class and, through the discovery of psychoanalysis, gave his fellow liberals "an a-historical theory of man and society that could make bearable a political world spun out of orbit and beyond control"; and in a brilliant study of the career of the painter Gustav Klimt (again beautifully illustrated with line drawings and colored plates), he

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describes the way in which the artist, whose first success came as a result of his decorative panels for the Burgtheater, broke with the realist classical tradition of the Ringstrasse generation and led the revolt of *die Jungen* that came to be called the Secession. The ideal of art as truth (*nuda veritas*) led Klimt to plunge ever deeper into the world of psychological experience with results that puzzled and scandalized the public; and, when he was invited to design three ceiling paintings for the new ceremonial hall of the university, the pictures that he submitted caused such an uproar that they led in the end to official reprisals against him. The virulence of the attacks upon his work as "ugly art" and the undertones of anti-Semitism that marked them led Klimt in his last years to withdraw into aesthetic abstraction. But Schorske demonstrates persuasively that his psychological explorations opened up new worlds for the coming generation of Expressionists, like Oskar Kokoschka, whose work in its first phase was a continuation of Klimt's daring experimentation.

In the world of literature too, the shaking of the foundations of liberalism had profound effects and led to the same kind of progress from the real to the psychic world. In an analysis of Adalbert Stifter's novel of 1857, *Indian Summer*, Schorske shows how it represented a bourgeois utopia, an ideal picture of the social symbiosis they aspired to, but one, nevertheless, that was set in the real world, whose solid lineaments Stifter regarded as the proper frame for the individual. The literary productions of the 1890s—Leopold von Andrian's *Garden of Knowledge*, for example—tended to concern themselves only with psychic states and to be introverted and narcissistic in the extreme. This attitude threatened to isolate the writer in society and negate his ability to influence its course, and it is to the credit of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, a figure who bulks large in this volume, that he recognized this danger and tried to reawaken a social conscience and an ethical will in his fellows. Escaping from the narcissism of his own early works, he sought in his dramas of the 1890s and the following decade—*The Fool and Death*, *The Death of Titian*, *Venice Preserv'd*, and the first drafts of *The Tower*—to redefine the role of the poet and of art in general in a dissolving world. The *Dichter*, he said in 1906, "is he who binds up in himself the elements of the times"; and the function of art should be to reconcile and redeem. This was a discovery that was, unfortunately, unlikely to be capable of healing the deep cleavages in the Austrian social fabric in the first decades of this century.

This summary does scant justice to the comprehensiveness of this book (nothing has been said, for example, about the provocative chapter on Kokoschka and Schoenberg, where the author shows his mastery in the analysis of musical and, as in the Klimt chapter, painterly composition) or to its literary grace. It may therefore seem unfair to suggest additional themes that one should like to have seen treated, particularly since Schorske has disclaimed any intention of presenting "a completed map of the historical landscape." Even so, it is strange that there is so little about the working class in a book of this kind, especially in view of the author's statement that Hofmannsthal became increasingly interested in "the lower orders not only because the problem lay there but also because life seemed to be strong in them." This is an interesting comment and reminds us of something that the Berlin novelist Theodor Fontane wrote in 1896:

> Everything that is interesting is to be found in the fourth estate. The bourgeoisie is frightful, and the aristocracy and clerics are old-fashioned, always the same old stuff. The new, the better world begins with the fourth estate. One would be able to say that even if he were only talking about aspirations and experiments. But that is not the way it is. What the workers think, speak, and write has in fact overtaken the thinking, speaking, and writing of the old ruling classes; it is all more genuine, more truthful, more full of life. The workers have attacked everything in a new way; they not only have new goals but new methods of attaining them.

Perhaps, considering the emphasis on innovation that runs through this book, something more should have been said about Victor Adler and Austrian social democracy.

And, since Schoenberg is here, one feels the absence of a full treatment of the man to whom the composer wrote, "I have learned more from you, perhaps, than a man should learn, if he wants to remain independent": Karl Kraus, the guardian of language, the enemy of the kind of aestheticism that found its expression in the feuilleton, the caustic critic of liberal capitulation to the ugly new forces in Austrian politics, and the horrified but fascinated recorder of the empire's drift toward chaos.

Gordon A Craig

Gordon A Craig is the J. Wallace Sterling Professor of Humanities and chairman of the history department at Stanford University. His most recent book is *Germany, 1866-1945* (Oxford).

The Fourth Man
by Andrew Boyle

(The Dial Press/James Wade; $12.95)

This book has become a news event; in many ways that is the most interesting thing about it. Its publication a few months ago in England precipitated the announcement in Parliament by Prime Minister Thatcher that *Sir* Anthony Blunt, as he then was, one of the most eminent of living art historians, was the "Fourth Man" in what had hitherto been thought a trio but was now disclosed to be a quintet of upper-class Englishmen who had spied for Russia before and during the Second World War and through a considerable part of the cold war. Boyle was unable to come out and say this explicitly as British libel laws would not allow him to do so, but it was not difficult to surmise that such was the case. Blunt not only figured in the text quite prominently in his own person, but his name also had a way of turning up in suggestive proximity to that of "Maurice," the code name for the "Fourth Man." ("Basil," the fifth man, has not yet been convincingly identified, if one accepts the evidence of Allen Weinstein in the *New York Times Book Review*, as I do, and so "Basil" he must remain for some time longer.)

The whole episode caused a great furor in the British press, and a fair amount of attention in this country too. Access to information for authors in such clandestine areas has always been easier in America than in Britain; and indeed, it was our Freedom of Informa-

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tion Act, and the generously bestowed confidences of James Jesus Angleton, formerly of the CIA, that led Andrew Boyle to his most telling discoveries. A minor but intriguing theme in Boyle's book is the curious sort of rivalry and mistrust that has prevailed between the two countries, their special relationship notwithstanding: a conviction in American intelligence circles that the British have been too *soft*, that if those famous spies had been *ours*, they would have been caught and disposed of before they had a chance to take off for Moscow, nor would any of their associates have been granted the immunity still enjoyed by Anthony Blunt. Perhaps it is naive to expect the cooperation of allies in the world of spies and counterspies; still, it comes as a jolt to read in the prologue to *The Fourth Man*:

> Had the British been told of 'Basil's' confession to the Americans in 1948, all the conspirators, 'Maurice' included, could have been rounded up in quick order. And the humiliating fiasco of the Burgess-Maclean escape to Moscow, where Philby eventually joined them, would never have happened. Unfortunately, the Americans decided otherwise. They had their reasons, of course, but the British Secret Service is still smarting from the heavy blow to its self-esteem.

The title of the American edition, *The Fourth Man*, is quite a misnomer, although it is a legitimate publishing device to capitalize on the worldwide attention paid to the publication of the book and its public consequences. The author himself has become news. In the *New York Times* on January 13 we read that Andrew Boyle is "in this country preparing an updated version." There, presumably, he will conflate the "Maurice" and Blunt figures, although whether or not he will be able to rebut the denials by Blunt of certain of his charges—the most dramatic being that he did *not* tip off Burgess exactly as to when Maclean would be interrogated—remains to be seen. But even should he do so, it is hard to believe the updated version will reinforce the present title, putting the Fourth Man into so central a position.

For the traditional spying triumvirate—homosexual Guy Burgess, alcoholic Donald Maclean, and icy Kim Philby—still dominate the story, and they remain, here as in earlier versions, fascinating to contemplate in their odd, and oddly different, characters. Boyle is a thorough and fairly careful writer; he has attempted to be in touch with as many surviving witnesses as possible—quite a large number, however, insist upon remaining anonymous, so that it is difficult to know how much weight to give their testimony. Even discounting the most lurid "confidential information to the author" (a frequent citation), we learn a great deal. I haven't read all the previous accounts, but this is probably the most complete telling of the story from the outside; still, one would like to know more of what the three actually did—as spies—and of how much damage—as spies—they actually brought about. (Perhaps Boyle was prohibited from telling us by the Official Secrets Act.) Most of all, one would like to know why they chose to become spies and betray their country. But to know that, one would have to look deeper, and in a different direction than Boyle allows himself, or thinks necessary.

He falls into the trap, I believe, of generalizing from exceedingly slippery particulars. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that his book lends itself, whatever his express biographical intention, to generalization: a godsend for deep thinkers in search of the zeitgeist. It has to be insisted that Burgess, Maclean, and Philby were not, and should not be taken for, representative figures. Granted that all three were at Cambridge in the 1930s, that all three became Communists, that all three became spies . . . it does not then follow that we can generalize about their generation, their class, the spirit of the age, or the state of England. Yet the title under which the book was published

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there, *The Climate of Treason*, seems to encourage such notions.

Boyle knows very well that most of the undergraduates at Cambridge (and Oxford) in the 1930s were not Communists; he knows, too, that of those who were, only a handful (two handfuls, to judge from his most recent interview) were traitors. Yet he does not hesitate to suggest that the response to certain crucial phenomena of the 1930s—the rise of fascism abroad, for example, the massive unemployment at home—was not grounded in political reality, but representative of a "peculiar distemper which had warped the minds of uncounted middle-class undergraduates in Britain. . . ." It is that "peculiar distemper," apparently, that Burgess, Maclean, and Philby are meant to exemplify as they move through "the climate of treason." I am unpersuaded: as stand-ins for a generation of undergraduates, they fall lamentably short. History invalidates any such claim that might be made on their behalf.

Where they are special, apart from the idiosyncracies of character—and may I say that the famous "charm" of Burgess must count among the mysteries of his character—is not so much in their becoming spies, as in the kind of spies they became. After all, they were heirs of the upper middle class, members of the Establishment, beneficiaries of the Old Boy network—exactly the sort who might have turned up as spies in the novels of John Buchan or in the British Secret Service—except that they were spying for the wrong side. It is extremely important, and helps to define how deeply unrepresentative they are, as well as the revulsion they inspire, that they should have been spying for Russia, for Russophobia, like Germanophilia, has a long history in England.

It is hard to imagine a more defiant gesture of rejection of the solid bourgeois world of Sir Donald Maclean and of Burgess's naval officer father, even the somewhat eccentric proconsular activity of the senior Philby. Thanks to their fathers they were "placed," the sons of gentlemen with an obligation to defend the state rather than to betray it, and it was their participation in the rites of the Establishment that gained them comparatively easy entry into positions from which they could be of use to their Russian masters. Oddly, they do not seem to have felt that they were being *used*; less oddly still, they seem to have been untroubled at the prospect that their activities might help to bring about the downfall of the world of their fathers.

Even in Boyle's unsympathetic pages, Philby emerges as the most impressive of the three—the best at what he did—and he had the good fortune to attract the attention of a major writer who understood the "sense of vocation" that animated him. "How many a kindly Catholic must have endured the long bad days of the Inquisition with this hope of the future as a riding anchor." This, as who would not know, is Graham Greene writing, and while one may not entirely agree with him, he puts the story in a more human perspective

SOME GOOD, SOME MIDDLING, AND SOME BAD

1. After Martial I. 16

Some good, some middling, and some bad
You'll find here. They are what I had.

2.
Who lives by wisdom and to others gives
His wise advice, in that unwisely lives.

3. The Lights of Love

The ladies in my life, serially sexed,
Unscrew one lover and screw in the next.

4.
There's what she wants, and what she does,
And what she wants to do.

5. On Correggio's Leda

Busied with private dreams, earthen, unspoken
With drowsy weight, cool rest, and harvest sun,
Love threads your limbs, fulfilled, the dream unbroken:
So might I sleep on, you and I being one.

6.
Ball made a hit with every cunt:
Home run, line drive, or a squeeze bunt.

7.
A man of parts? Does that mean more than one?
A low gear, and a high when that is done?

8. *Gnothi Seauton*

The wise have known themselves. So few
Recorded what it was they knew.
Then read those volumes on your shelves.
Who do you know who know your selves?

9. Memoir

Now that he's famous fame will not elude me:
For 14.95 read how he screwed me.

10. Original Sin

The trouble with my ex-
  Was mostly sex.
The trouble with my new
  Is the to-do.
The trouble with them all
  Was Adam's fall.

11. St. Thomas More

I have come home. Fortune and Hope, goodbye!
We've nothing left in common, you and I.

J. V. Cunningham

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than the usual melodramatic counters of a spy's tale.

> 'He betrayed his country'—yes, perhaps he did, but who among us has not committed treason to something or someone more important than a country? In Philby's own eyes he was working for a shape of things to come from which his country would benefit. Anyway moral judgements are singularly out of place in espionage. 'He sent men to their death' is the kind of stock phrase which has been used against Philby. . . . So does any military commander, but at least the cannon fodder of the espionage war are all volunteers.

So much depends upon one's point of view. Boyle's previous book was a biography of Erskine Childers, whom he refers to here as "the Anglo-Irish patriot." In fact, he was an Englishman fighting the English in Ireland, who was executed by the Irish Provisional government for being a follower of Michael Collins and the IRA. His son subsequently became president of the Irish Republic. Boyle refers to Sir Roger Casement, who was executed as a traitor by the British, as an "Anglo-Irish rebel." Someone (was it Malcolm Muggeridge?) once suggested that if a communist government were to take over in England, half the Central Committee would turn out to be Etonians—then, presumably, Burgess, Maclean, and Philby would be seen as similar to Childers, as servants of the higher patriotism. The difference, of course, is that Childers was not covert in his activities. It is the deception, the betrayal, that cancel out the initial idealism, leaving a residue of bitterness and shame: the unbridgeable gulf between the patriot and the spy.

Peter Stansky

Peter Stansky has, in two books with William Abrahams, written about writers and the 1930s in England: *Journey to the Frontier: Two Roads to the Spanish Civil War* (Norton), and the forthcoming *Orwell: The Transformation* (Knopf).

The Moral Meaning of Revolution
by Jon P. Gunnemann

(Yale University Press; $15)

For us today, revolution is a mirror. In the great series of revolutions that began in 1789 human beings have incorporated their deepest convictions and their gravest faults. Hence they show us the modern political mind in all of its extremes and contradictions: boundless compassion beside towering self-righteousness, aversion to injustice anywhere on earth along with implacable hatred of those deemed responsible for existing injustices, and finally a capacity at once for self-sacrifice and for the necessary, or even merely the convenient, murder. No political phenomenon demands critical reflection so imperatively as does revolution.

It may seem that such reflection has been abundantly bestowed. But how critical has it been, and, if critical, how discerning? The ambiguities of revolution require thinkers both sympathetic and skeptical. Not many feel thus divided. At the moment, we are inundated with fundamentally uncritical writings concerning revolution, mostly on Marx. On the other side, there is little more than neoconservatism—often sensible and refreshing but rarely politically balanced or philosophically profound. A void consequently exists in our minds, a void not only of political insight but of self-understanding. Some of modern man's most tragic experiences have taken the form of revolution, yet we have little philosophical grasp of these experiences.

The Moral Meaning of Revolution is an important book because it puts us in a position to reflect on revolution. It attempts to do somewhat more than that and does not, in my opinion, quite succeed; I shall try to show why in a moment. But it does succeed in the task of orientation by trying neither to romanticize nor discredit revolution. The author (who is on the faculty of the Yale Divinity School) has the balance that the ambiguities of revolution require. He aims to write "a critique of the idea of revolution," yet he is plainly sympathetic with the revolutionary impulse. And not only is he politically balanced, he is philosophically discerning and widely read in the literature of revolutionary theory. In a book filled with insights, the author examines not only Marx but also the radical theologian Jürgen Moltmann, who has drawn politically revolutionary inferences from relatively orthodox Christian principles. To look at Marx and Moltmann together is to contemplate revolution from a novel and advantageous angle.

Professor Gunnemann, as I have said, is well versed in revolutionary literature. Too much so, in a sense. Thomas Hobbes once remarked that if he had read as much as other men, he would know as little. By thinking rather than reading, Hobbes claimed, he had been able to make the discoveries set forth in the *Leviathan*. Professor Gunnemann, I am afraid, cannot boast of having read less than others. His learning is impressive. His book suffers, however, from the typical academic confusion between scholarly research and philosophical reflection: the confusion Hobbes implicitly condemned. I think he has not, in consequence, advanced as far beyond others in his understanding of revolution as he might have, given the qualities of his mind and the nature of his approach.

In dealing with Marx, for example, he lays the foundation for a formidable critique but unaccountably fails to build on it. His general argument is that "the movement from marginality to universality in revolution presents intractable difficulties." This he applies to Marx by holding that the proletariat, alienated thoroughly enough to provide the basis for a revolutionary transformation of society, would be so structureless that it would need leadership and discipline from without; Lenin would be necessary, it is intimated, and Stalin might follow. On the other hand, if the proletariat were a structured

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revolutionary force, it inevitably would embody elements of the old civilization and introduce these into the new order it constructs. This seems a most promising line of attack. It seems promising partly, however, because it suggests possibilities of further advance. Must not something in Marx's philosophical premises have been amiss? Must not something in his views of man and history have predisposed him toward so radical a reliance on the power and moral purity of the working class? That a theologian, presumably sensitive to issues of idolatry, should neglect this question is surprising. Professor Gunnemann, however, is so far from pressing the advantage his astute analysis of Marx has given him that he finally decides that we need only "a more complex and nuanced model of power relations" than we find in Marx: a disappointingly mild conclusion for someone bringing the idea of revolution under critical judgment.

No more with Moltmann than with Marx does Professor Gunnemann seem inclined to pursue the argument to ultimate issues, although there are indications that he sympathizes less with Moltmann than with Marx. Moltmann's major error, he seems to say, is his failure to provide organizational guidelines for revolutionary action: a substantial point. But again, deeper roots are left unexposed. Not that Moltmann's basic ideas are ignored; they are simply not related carefully to what are identified as the major weaknesses of his thought, nor are they comprehensively and critically examined. I find no serious effort, for example, to grapple with the question of whether religious inspiration or divine revelation might provide the universality that Marx vainly sought in the proletariat—a question of more than academic interest in view of the revolutionary posture of elements of the Catholic church in Latin America. Nor do I find any serious consideration of Moltmann's so-called "dialectic of means": the idea that resistance to established injustice may be carried on through a dialectical reversal of revolutionary violence—by weakness and patience, as in Christ. Thus the advantages gained by pairing Marx and Moltmann are not exploited.

The upshot is that the question posed in the title—the moral meaning of revolution—is never fully answered. Whether modern revolutionary idealism takes sufficiently into account the finitude and perversity of human beings, whether extensive violence can be justified in terms of historical results, whether an earthly paradise can be of ultimate concern in view of the inevitability of death: such questions as these—questions inseparable from the task of determining "the moral meaning of revolution"—are answered sketchily, unsystematically, or not at all.

Still, it is not a small achievement to bring into view the questions we ought to be thinking about, and this Professor Gunnemann does. These questions, moreover, he fleshes out with numerous ideas. Especially provocative is his linkage of revolutionary idealism and the problem of theodicy—of justifying evil. He argues that revolutions always presuppose changing theodicies—a promising hypothesis not only for philosophical reflection but for empirical research. He cautions against adopting fixed theodicies—a warning especially pertinent to Christians and other psychological pessimists who may be tempted to turn a doctrine of human perversity into a dogma of historical limits. And however imprecise the author's definition of the moral meaning of revolution may be, his thesis (if I read him correctly)—that revolution must never be allowed so to disrupt historical continuity that it incapacitates us for the kind of moral thought and discourse through which that meaning can be assessed—expresses an insight of profound importance.

Doors, then, are opened. One can hope that these will be used not only by readers but by the author too. His reading done, he can emulate Hobbes and dwell on questions of the kind one tends to neglect when engaged in massive programs of research. How can we recognize simultaneously the demands of justice and our own extreme political fallibility? How can we struggle against evil without using violence on a scale incompatible both with our moral integrity and our ultimate ends? How can we be open to all historical possibilities yet free of illusions about human nature? These are the questions put before us by our revolutionary times.

Glenn Tinder

Glenn Tinder is a professor of political science at the University of Massachusetts, Boston, and the author of *Community: Reflections on a Tragic Ideal*, to be published next month by Louisiana State University Press.

Vida
by Marge Piercy
(Summit Books; $12.95)

The young daughter of friends once remarked plaintively: "My parents are always talking about politics. But you know . . . I'm not sure. . . . What *are* politics?" As part of a longer explanation, one might have told her that novels help us to find out about them, for fiction offers a chance to experience the meanings of ideas and arguments in an engaging and vivid form. Marge Piercy's *Vida* might have been one of these political novels, but for all its length and its large cast of characters it tells us little that we don't already know about radical politics in America. The novel is named for its central character, Davida Asch, a radical political activist who has gone underground with the comrades of her sect and travels back and forth across the country, a fugitive. Its main action takes place after the 1960s when sects like the Weathermen had gone into hiding, hoping to survive as fugitives and to shore up their diffuse ideologies by sporadic acts of terrorism. There *have* been successful novels in recent years that have politics and political history at their center—novels, for example, about the women's movement in which characters undergo personal struggles for equality and novels about the Vietnam war in which American soldiers confront the political and moral questions raised by the war. But we have not yet had fiction about the antiwar movement and the radical student movement that developed alongside it. Even memoirs and fictionalized autobiography on the subject are rare.

Marge Piercy, then, knows how to pick a subject, and she enjoys a reputation, earned chiefly from *Small Changes* (a novel about the roots of the women's

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liberation movement), of being ahead of the crowd. The Network (the tiny, elite sect to which Vida belongs) is made of people we're bound to be curious about. What do we know about their real motives, their private views? What reasons would they give for their bombings and other acts of terror? The questions we might raise about them are the ones we still ask about every radical and third world group whose actions make the front pages of the newspapers. Furthermore, the situation of the fugitive from the law is inherently dramatic—lives dominated by the fear of being recognized, characters obsessed with the significance of every move they make and stripped by the necessities of danger of the routines of an ordinary life. It ought to have made an exciting book.

Instead, Piercy, who dedicates her work to "the street and alley soldiers," has written an excessively long, rambling, often tedious book, which depends on her sweeping, uncritical acceptance of the Network's version of radical politics. Either she rehearses the details of fugitive life in commonplace conversations, like that between two "heavies" in the 1967 group during a period of militant action:

> 'How about a little inside action?' Bob Rossi said. 'Can't we manage some stink bombs?'
>
> 'You people aren't going to discuss that kind of thing in your office, are you?' Larkin stared.
>
> 'What's wrong with a pie in the face or a bit of stink in the ventilating system? You scared?' Rossi sneered. . . .

or she is perfunctory (through the words of a woman described as the coolest, toughest, most rational of the Network's leaders) about the most important issues determining this sort of politics: "'We broke with old forms of terror,' Kiley said icily, 'because of our analysis. Attacks directed at leaders are individualistic. They further the myth that presidents make history rather than executing the policy of the corporate ruling class.'"

Vida's work and that of her comrades in the Network, as reflected in the novel, is pathetically simple. In the 1970s, when the present novel takes place, only survival counts, both for each comrade alone and for the sect. Back in the more distant past of 1967 the sect was militantly active and the story recalls that time as a blur of chaotic events, with recognizable dangers but with no definable point to it. For Piercy, the approach of a political issue or argument signals a precipitous descent into slogans. Reflecting on an upcoming demonstration, Vida thinks:

> The easy task was to pull the kids out against Dean Rusk, the glib corporate liberal vulture. The harder task was to pull them out against the Foreign Policy Association, to explain how the ruling class controlled political options and discussion. . . .

The characters rant more than speak, sounding like naive parodies of radicals.

It is hard to believe that this is serious business, especially when Piercy continually reduces politics from several simple notions to one basically crude one. Everything about the America outside the Network is taken for granted. The Establishment is bad; what's radical is good. There's a curious blandness about the *real* faults and problems of America, as if their reality is too tedious to be described. The result is a sad but genuine isolation which Vida reflects on even at the height of the anti-war movement:

> Over the years her outside ties had atrophied. She knew by face and name two thousand movement people, but retained no friends outside. Since the FBI had visited her boss and she had been fired from Kyriaki, she hardly ventured into the straight world. She had not done any neighborhood work or direct organizing among ordinary people since late in '68. Now, except across police barricades, she rarely saw a person who wasn't a full-time activist.

The author's justification for this oversimplification may be that this is an *authentic* view of the extreme margins of the new left as it was and now is. How she can then construe her work to be effective support for "the street and alley soldiers" is a mystery. A picture as unsympathetic to reason and good will (not to speak of liberal political principles) as this one is needs more than authenticity to be effective as fiction. It needs the keen, unsparing eye of the novelist, an unflinching intelligence that evaluates what it sees.

What vitality the novel has depends almost entirely on Vida herself. A graduate of the school of experience (regardless of other more conventional schooling), she is part Jewish, all working class, a free-floating participant in all radical movements from civil rights ("They were non-violent but militant. . . . They picketed Woolworth's on Saturday mornings") to the Network. She has plenty of good looks, is self-sufficient, independent, strong-minded, loves her family and friends, and

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possesses the kind of intelligence that quickly translates thought into action. Just the stuff of which political activists are made! Her connections to others, which take up much of the story, are as various as they are intense: sister, women friends, lovers (male and female), husband, parents, she is attached in turn to each with eagerness and strength and holds on to many of these attachments.

The most interesting accomplishment of Piercy's in the novel is not to make Vida an old-fashioned "woman as life-force" character, but to see in her a "new woman." Vida is an adventuress, risking an unconventional acceptance of her own needs, a present-day Moll Flanders who fervently believes her goals are valid because they are hers. Piercy admires this side of Vida, but is capable of a shrewdness about her protagonist that escapes her in the rest of the novel. She shows Vida continually under attack from both the men and the women in her life as she moves among unstable relationships, making and remaking choices. Vida's energetic uncertainty, when contrasted with the flat, unprofitable political clichés of the rest of the book, seems that much more appealing.

Judith B. Walzer

Judith B. Walzer is assistant dean of Harvard College.

Brief Review

Plains Song: For Female Voices by Wright Morris

(Harper & Row; $9.95)

A summary description of Wright Morris's new novel, his 19th, suggests that this sophisticated "regionalist" has forsaken the impressionistic visual emphases that distinguish his best fiction (*The Works of Love, The Field of Vision, Ceremony in Lone Tree*), for a more conventionally narrative picturing of life in Nebraska's "middle Western plains"; the method, let's say, of Conrad Richter or Willa Cather.

Plains Song follows through four generations a family "cursed" because its women "bear only daughters, if anything at all." The curse takes various forms: the hardscrabble travail of flinty Cora Atkins ("a strange beanpole of a woman") and her taciturn husband Emerson; the divergent fates of Cora's plain daughter Madge and her sister-in-law's child Sharon Rose, the "sensitive" one who escapes to a more genteel life in Chicago; the way time overtakes and obliterates Emerson and Cora (there are beautiful descriptions of his slow decline and death, of her puzzled, stoical lapse into senility). A mocking coherence pervades these lives. Cora's shocked hatred of sex reappears, much transformed, in Sharon Rose's (probably lesbian) firm avoidance of love and marriage. Madge's own daughters recapitulate the physical and psychic differences between her and her more mercurial cousin. Drastic changes ceaselessly occur. In the "old days," Emerson had resisted such troubling abominations as "rural electrification." In the 1970s, as the novel concludes, the area's most successful enterprise is the marketing of University of Nebraska football. And Sharon Rose, on the last of many intermittent trips back home, is commandeered into a feminist convention at a nearby motel.

We infer that this new tide of "womanly independence" offers a satisfying culmination to the long-unrewarded labors of Cora Atkins and her descendants. Yet we must suspect irony—when museum replicas of extinct creatures provoke speculation on "the future of man in a world of women"; when Morris does not resist slyly caricaturing a no-nonsense vanguard feminist with no use for men. I think this novel is saying that the way women have changed is only part of a fabric of overall change; and that, in saying so, it makes the mistake of satirizing one of its major elements (women's liberation), while simply celebrating its counterpart (rugged individualism and uncomplaining toil)—thus creating a feeling of unequal empathies, an imbalance in the generosity that the book otherwise seems to breathe.

Nevertheless, it succeeds as both an insistently chanted lament ("plainsong") and a sequence of vivid and revelatory images. Farm routine is portrayed as endlessly recurring leitmotifs (cats always after the milk pails, people "comparing Montgomery Ward's with Sears Roebuck's prices"). Metaphors seem, appropriately enough, homemade (bedsheets drying "smelled . . . like freshly kneaded dough, or cooling bread"). Details are selected, not just for vividness, but also for dramatic relevance ("in the moonlight, the white trim on the barn's doors and windows stood free of the barn and seemed to come toward her").

This eloquent novel portrays the passage of time with remarkable concision, and its understated (plain) style carries surprising emotional force. We feel how these people age: how their habits subtly alter; how they grow apart from others, become set in their ways. Wright Morris knows the embattled regions within his people as well as the harshly beautiful landscapes that surround them; and it is this rich double focus that gives his novels their unique solidity and truthfulness.

Bruce Allen

Bruce Allen is a Maine writer.

Correspondence, *from page 3*

Those who march in the ranks of conquering armies suffer as much damage to their souls as do those who are defeated. War is not a football game. It is a horror for all who take part.

John H. F. Hoving
Senior Vice President
Federated Department Stores
Cincinnati, Ohio

Religious choice

To the editors:

I am positive that if a non-Jew attacked a Jewish leader or a white attacked a black leader the way Martin Marty assaulted Pope John Paul II over the Küng case ("Scared Theology, *TNR*, January 5 & 12, 1980), the writer of such an article would have received a quick rejection slip from your magazine.

It is obvious that for Mr. Marty ecumenicism means that the Catholic church must start operating like a mainline Protestant denomination or be blessed with his invective.

Frankly, I like being a member of a religious community that has strong lines of authority, firm boundaries, and clear doctrine. If the Catholic church started teaching and operating like a Protestant denomination, there would no longer be a real choice for people to make in their religious lives. However, I suspect that is what Mr. Marty would prefer.

John M. Bresnahan Jr.
Lynn, Massachusetts

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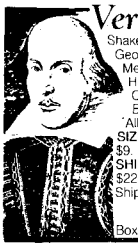

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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Our country is in something of a global tailspin. Since this process could prove irreversible, one might do well to ask whether it doesn't stem, at least in part, from an almost pathological national need to be liked. The point is made explicit in a recent *Time* magazine interview with Zbigniew Brzezinski. *Time* asked the president's national security adviser the following question: "The U.S. ought to be the good guy around the world; yet we are the ones whose diplomats get attacked. Why is it that so much of such action is directed at the U.S. and so little at the Soviets?" It was a pretty good question. It is at least interesting that the mob violence attending the pan-Islamic revival visited itself, for example, upon the American embassy in Islamabad (the capital city of our new great friend General Zia) merely on the basis of unconfirmed radio rumors about US connivance in the attack on the Mecca mosque. (Two deaths, it will be recalled, resulted from that "spontaneous" frenzy.) Since Islamabad is purely a government city, and no Pakistanis, students or otherwise, have access to the vicinity of the American embassy except by bus from the suburbs, it must have been a taxing day for the public transport system in a country under rule of martial law where highways can be shut down on a moment's notice. When the Soviet Union actually invaded Pakistan's Moslem neighbor—no rumor here, actual fact—not a pebble was thrown at the Russian embassy. Curious? Perhaps the buses weren't running. Brzezinski offered his *Time* interrogators a somewhat metaphysical interpretation of this phenomenon of selective popular outrage: "You can reduce it to very basic human emotions: resentment, the desire to emulate, the desire to undermine. That is the lot necessarily of anyone who is in the forefront of historical change, who happens to be the richest and the most innovative, and also the freest." So that's it. The Soviets are protected by their lack of innovativeness. Maybe.

A Sovietologist here at Harvard has a simpler explanation: the mob that sacked our embassy would never *dare* approach a Soviet mission. The reason: even those gripped by a sudden seizure of impassioned hatred (or, if you wish, "resentment," etc.) tend to recall, in the back of their collective mind, the Hopalong Cassidy Moral. The Hopalong Cassidy Moral, according to this professor, emerged in a third grade classroom. The teacher asked whether anyone in the class knew what a story with a moral is; one bright seven-year-old raised his hand, whereupon he was invited to tell a story with a moral. The precocious student proceeded to do so: "Hopalong Cassidy was riding along on his horse. And out from the bushes came a bad man who pointed a gun at Hopalong Cassidy. So Hopalong Cassidy took out his own gun and fired six bullets through the man's brain, killing him." As the pleased child concluded his recital and prepared to return to his seat, the shocked teacher asked him, "But Johnny, what is the moral in that story?" Johnny replied: "Don't fuck with Hopalong Cassidy." I'm inclined to think that the Hopalong Cassidy Moral offers a better explanation of why Soviet embassies don't get attacked than Brzezinski's vague musings on "the desire to emulate."

Speaking of foreign policy, I found a recent remark made by President Carter during his well-timed "Meet the Press" interview quite delicious. The president noted that Yugoslavia is not "a part of the Warsaw Pact neighborhood." Carter has an uncanny ability to put his audience at ease. In this case, he accomplished the feat by making one of the most formidable military alliances in history sound like a block association or a community planning board. It is just one more example of the president's personalized, down-to-earth style, reminiscent, in a sense, of his suggestion that the Russians had disappointed him, Carter's tacit admission that he has totally misjudged Soviet intentions. Mistakes can be made. But there are mistakes and mistakes. And some mistakes, goes a Yiddish expression of my father's, "can actually get one killed."

On the subject of mistakes, where are all the pundits who predicted that Afghanistan would turn into Russia's Vietnam? The country looks to me to be thoroughly occupied. That this should be the case is hardly surprising. Before our newsmen were expelled from Kabul, a couple of network reporters had occasion to file stories about the execution in cold blood of 250 Afghanis—evidently by Soviet troops, though possibly by KGB men—after a prison escape and a flurry of sniper attacks disrupted the tranquil atmosphere in Kabul. I shouldn't think the Soviets will have many more problems with snipers. Now we're being told that if the Russians try anything in Yugoslavia after Tito dies, boy, oh boy, will they ever be in for it! Remember the Yugoslav partisans and the time they gave the Nazis, etc. (See, for example, last week's Washington Diarist.) But after reading Drew Middleton's report on Yugoslav military preparedness in the *New York Times*, I wouldn't bet on a long drawn-out struggle. Yugoslavia won't be a Soviet Vietnam either. It may be comforting to toy with these notions, but those who bank on them—in Washington and elsewhere—manifest a dangerous refusal to face reality.

Senator Moynihan recently pointed out that, in a parliamentary democracy, an error of the magnitude of this administration's misapprehensions about the Soviets would, once acknowledged, lead to the resignation of the officials "responsible." This is the minimum that might be expected. In Japan, for example, and England, the entire government would likely fall. Things don't work that way here. But we do have the recourse of the polling booth. Unfortunately, misguided notions of national solidarity seem to be leading people to reward President Carter for his very late discovery that he was all wrong. And the White House, with great solemnity and ill-concealed glee, suggests that a substantive debate over what's been happening would not be appropriate in this time of crisis, the fact that this is an election year notwithstanding. One would think that this might be a pretty good time for people, candidates included, to speak their minds without having their patriotism impugned. We did, it might be remembered, manage to hold a hotly contested election in 1864, with Lincoln and McClellan trading charges while the Civil War was in progress, and another one 80 years later between Roosevelt and Dewey, in the year Allied forces landed in Europe. A shared sense of urgency should not, in a democracy, signal the end of partisan debate. If President Carter truly wishes to conduct American foreign policy unencumbered by partisan politics, perhaps he would do well to declare his intention not to seek a second term.

Eric Breindel

Eric Breindel is a student at Harvard Law School.

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